Lake English Classics

LONGFELLOW

NARRATIVE POEMS

POWELL

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The Lake English Classics

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The Lake English Classics

REVISED EDITION WITH HELPS TO STUDY

THE NARRATIVE POEMS

OF

LONGFELLOW

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

JOHN RUSH POWELL

PRINCIPAL OF THE JAMES E. YEATMAN HIGH SCHOOL
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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To a Mother
who sacrificed many luxuries and comforts of life
that her son might receive an education, this
volume is affectionately inscribed
by
her Son.

PREFACE

The narrative poems of Longfellow are marked by simplicity of style and substance combined with a high degree of narrative skill—qualities which made them eminently adapted to use in the earlier years of the high school course. It has therefore seemed worth while to bring together in one volume a considerable body of Longfellow's narrative poetry. The notes are intended to explain the text wherever it would not be clear without the aid of the numerous reference-books which only a large library is likely to possess, and to direct the attention of the student to the material on which Longfellow based these poems. An extensive study of "sources" so-called is not necessary or even advisable in high school work. On the other hand, a reader's understanding of *Evangeline*, for example, is certainly increased by knowing the facts out of which the poem sprang; and in the case of *Hiawatha*, much of the poem is unintelligible without a considerable acquaintance with the legendary background against which it is limned. Nor is it economical or wise to set school-boys hunting hither and yon for the isolated facts on which comprehension of the text so often depends. It has therefore seemed to the editor best to supply a liberal body of apparatus and to trust to the teacher to use this material wisely.

The editor desires to acknowledge his debt to the Standard Library Edition of the poet's works and to Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, both published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The quotations from the poet's diary and letters, when not otherwise acknowledged, are made from the last mentioned work. Various school editions of Longfellow's poems have been consulted, but the notes of this edition have been drawn wholly from the original sources of Longfellow's material or from standard works of reference, such as the Century Dictionary.

The editor acknowledges the courtesy extended him by the management of the Saint Louis Mercantile Library through the Librarian, Mr. William L. R. Gifford. His thanks are especially due Miss May Simonds, Reference Librarian, for material aid in making available the resources of that library.

Mr. Charles B. Goddard, instructor in English in the Yeatman High School, Saint Louis, has assisted the editor no little in the revision of the proof as well as by valuable suggestions as to the arrangement of the material in the introductions.

JOHN RUSH POWELL.

Saint Louis, October, 1908.

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LONGFELLOW, THE MAN AND THE POET

I. Biographical

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, descended on his mother's side from John Alden and Priscilla. The Longfellows had been known in New England from the latter part of the seventeenth century. From both sides he inherited a scrupulous integrity, in which were blended the best traits of Pilgrim and Puritan. His youth was spent in Portland in a home of books and music. After attending school for some years at the Portland Academy, where, we are told, his conduct was "very correct and amiable," he found himself ready for college at the age of fourteen.

Youth and Education

He entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, of which his father was a trustee. The young student was fortunate in his friends and classmates, two of whom, Nathaniel Hawthorne and J. S. C. Abbot, were also destined to become widely known in the world of letters. He graduated second in rank in the class of 1825, highly esteemed by the faculty and his fellow-students.

That the choice of a profession weighed heavily upon him during his last year in college, is shown by the correspondence between him and his father. Stephen Longfellow intended his son for the law, deeming that career the open sesame to respectability and position, if not to financial

Choice of Profession

success; but the tastes of the youth were in another direction. In a letter to his father, dated December 5, 1824, we hear his plea:

"I take this early opportunity to write you, because I wish to follow fully your inclination with regard to the profession I am to pursue when I leave college. For my part I have already hinted to you what would best please me. I want to spend a year at Cambridge for the purpose of reading history and of becoming familiar with the best authors of polite literature; whilst at the same time I can be acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language, without an acquaintance with which I shall be shut out from one of the most beautiful departments of letters. The French I mean to understand pretty thoroughly before I leave college. After leaving Cambridge I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication, by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. Now, I do not think that there is anything visionary or chimerical in my plan thus far. The fact is—and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not—the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in this, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely there was never a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered.

"To be sure most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so until they have studied and entered the practice of Theology, Law, or Medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay

more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that 'nothing but Nature can qualify a man for Knowledge.'

"Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in this world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of law.

"Here, then, seems to be the starting point: and I think it best for me to float into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind and tide, and, by attempting what is impossible, lose everything."

That Longfellow should turn instinctively to literature was not strange, considering the indications of his youth both at Portland and at Brunswick. Youthful poems of his, such as "The Fight at Lovell's Pond," had found their way to the local newspaper in Portland before he entered college, and while in Bowdoin he frequently contributed verses to the periodicals of the day. The *United States Literary Gazette* published in all seventeen of these poems, five of which the poet later deemed worthy of saving, placing them in his first volume under the heading, *Earlier Poems*.

Longfellow's entrance into the field of letters was by way of the professor's chair. Following the example of Harvard, Bowdoin established in 1825 a chair of modern languages. The selection of a professor was a serious

matter to the Board of Trustees, and it was with great difficulty that suitable candidates could be found. At length their choice fell upon Longfellow, then just graduating from Bowdoin, whose scholarship in language had made a profound impression upon the Board during the public oral examinations for graduation. The appointment carried with it the suggestion that he spend some time in Europe in preparation for his new work.

Study in Europe

The next year (1826) found him in France, where he spent his first six months abroad. From there he went to Spain, Italy, and Germany in leisurely succession, absorbing the languages so thoroughly that he could read, write, and speak them with almost the ease of a native. Moreover, he drank deep at every source of culture,—literature, art, tradition,—and came back with a broadened horizon such as only travel can give. He ended his three years' stay in Europe with a brief visit to England, and returned to America in the autumn of 1829, eager to take up his work of teaching those languages he had just acquired under such favorable circumstances.

Five Years at Bowdoin

Assuming the duties of his position in the autumn of 1829, he began his long career as teacher and author. His lectures showed at once the wide knowledge and liberal culture he had gained through his study of the European languages and literatures. He not only had to organize his department, but also to make his text-books and

collect books for a library. His first serious authorship was devoted to the compilation and translation of text-books and the writing of articles on the languages and literatures he was teaching. This five years' earnest teaching and study gave him more than local reputation, attracting the notice of the Harvard authorities, who, in 1834, invited him to succeed George Ticknor in the Smith Professorship of Belles Lettres at Harvard. The chair to which he was appointed included practically the same subjects as his professorship at Bowdoin. He resigned his position at Bowdoin in the spring of 1835, and, accompanied by his wife, whom he had married in 1831, he made his second trip to Europe for purposes of study. In the winter of 1835, at Rotterdam, Mrs. Longfellow died. He lessened his sorrow by deep study. The record of this year and a half of study and travel may be read in the prose romance *Hyperion*, just as his first trip may be traced in the similar *Outre Mer*.

The Harvard Professorship, 1836-1854

In the autumn of 1836 he returned to America to take up his duties at Harvard. During his long connection with Harvard College, his work was earnest, inspiring, sympathetic, and scholarly He drew his students into a close personal relation with him, making them feel that he was not only a scholar and a teacher, but also their friend, with the result that he was the best loved teacher at Harvard.

During those busy years as active head of the depart-

ment of modern languages, his fame was spreading rapidly in the world of letters. Shortly after the publication of *Hyperion* in 1839, there appeared, in the same year, a little volume, *Voices of the Night*, containing nine new poems in addition to those of his earlier poems that he deemed worthy of preservation. This book is Longfellow's first collection of poems, purposely postponed until after he had gained experience through translation and prose writing The volume was received with instant favor. Such poems as "Hymn to the Night," "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "The Beleaguered City," and "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," are poems of high rank among his works, possessing no small measure of the seriousness, simplicity, and beauty that characterize his later work.

"Voices of The Night"

Ballads and Other Poems, published in 1841, including the well-known "Skeleton in Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Rainy Day," "Maidenhood," and "Excelsior," confirmed the promise given by the poet's first volume, and indicated clearly a marked growth of power.

"Ballads and Other Poems"

The agitation over the slavery question, prominent during the years 1840-1860, reached even Longfellow's quiet study. He shared with other writers of the period a strong anti-slavery spirit, but his *Poems on Slavery*, appearing in 1842, cannot be classed with Whittier's

"Poems on Slavery"

or Lowell's on the same subject. Few in number and tame in spirit, they indicate merely a scholar's disapproval of an existing evil, rather than an attitude of strong opposition held by a man active in reforms.

The volumes that followed in the next four years, *The Spanish Student* in 1843, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe* edited and published in 1845, and *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems* in 1846, show better than any other of his works the extent to which his poetry owes its origin to his scholarly knowledge of the old-world spirit and literature. Several of the lyrics in the last mentioned volume, however, such as "The Bridge," "The Day is Done," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs," reflect the personal tone of his earlier poems.

"The Spanish Student"
"Poets and Poetry of Europe"
"The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems"

Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie, published in 1847, marked an epoch in the poet's literary career. Prior to the writing of *Evangeline*, literature seems to have been with him a scholar's avocation; henceforth it was to be his vocation. He had reached the age of forty, and in the full maturity of his powers, he wrote a poem which, because of its theme, its scope, its extent and character, stamped him as a distinctively American poet. The instant success of the poem determined for him that his future career should not be divided between literature and the profes-

"Evangeline"

sor's chair, but that it should be concerned wholly with literature.

During the remaining years of his professorship, we find him constantly rebelling against the tyranny of college routine and desiring freedom for writing. Accordingly, in 1854, he resigned the chair made famous by the three who have filled it,—George Ticknor, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and James Russell Lowell.

Retirement

In 1855, the year following his retirement, appeared *The Song of Hiawatha*. This was followed by *The Courtship of Miles Standish* in 1858. Both are narratives of considerable extent and importance, and show the poet's wide range of subject-matter and his versatility of manner.

"The Song of Hiawatha"

"The Courtship of Miles Standish"

The famous old Craigie House on Brattle Street, where the poet had taken rooms upon his first coming to Cambridge, had come into his possession after his second marriage, to Frances Elizabeth Appleton in 1843, and here, surrounded by family and friends, the poet spent the best years of his life in the quiet pursuits of literature,—reading, absorbing, writing. The record of this part of his life is best read in the long list of works produced during these years. Always busy, he was never too busy to devote much time to his family and the host of friends who besieged him in season and out. His hospitality knew

Life at Craigie House

no bounds; he was constantly entertaining strangers of distinction and passing guests, as well as his inmost circle of friends, and Craigie House became a synonym for hospitality. His circle of friends was great in more than one sense, for it included some of America's most famous men, among whom may be mentioned Ticknor, Fields, Felton, Sumner, Holmes, Child, Curtis, and others. Mrs. Longfellow, the sweet and graceful hostess, contributed her share to the charming social atmosphere that surrounded the poet in these years of leisurely work and joy.

Into the happiness of his quiet domestic life a dreadful calamity fell suddenly like a bolt from the clearest sky.

His great Sorrow

In July, 1861, his wife was horribly burned while engaged in sealing some packages containing curls of her little daughters. Her death, as well as the manner of it, was a dreadful shock to the poet, but he bore his grief with the calmness characteristic of a great soul. What he suffered the rest of his life may be felt from reading the random notes in his journal, and occasional references in his poems, particularly his Sonnet, "The Cross of Snow," written eighteen years afterwards.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight

There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Though shadowed by this sorrow, he did not allow himself to be crushed by it, but with calm energy resumed his life among his books. He continued his regular contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly"; in 1863 appeared the first part of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, the best part of that series; and his *Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy*, one of his most ambitious and most successful accomplishments, was begun and completed during the years 1865-1870.

"Tales of a Wayside Inn"

"Translation of the Divine Comedy"

During his last visit to Europe, in 1868, in company with his daughters, he was welcomed everywhere and greeted with an enthusiasm akin to love. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred their highest honorary degrees upon him; he was received by the Queen; he met and learned to know his great English literary contemporaries. And he received his honors with the modesty characteristic of the man.

Last Years

He returned home the next year, and took up the old life at Craigie House. In the last decade of his life he wrote or completed what he considered his best works, among which should be mentioned *The Hanging of the*

Crane, A Book of Sonnets, and the trilogy of the *Christus,* including *The Divine Tragedy, The Golden Legend,* and *The New England Tragedies.* For the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin College, he wrote "Morituri Salutamus," a stirring message on the opportunities of age.

In 1881 his health began to fail, and in 1882 the end came quickly. The accompaniments of old age, 'honor, love, and troops of friends,' were his, and his life ended in a calm joy of completeness. He died March 24, 1882.

II. Critical

Longfellow may well be called America's most popular poet. Popularity is by no means the final test of a writer's greatness, but here the test has a peculiar fitness, for it is as the poet of the people that the author of "A Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith," "Evangeline," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," must be judged.

Popularity

The chief sources of Longfellow's popularity are to be found in his simple thoughts and in his easy and graceful style. He chose no puzzling themes; he had no philosophical message to deliver; he preferred the simple, even what might be called the common-place themes of nature, translated in terms of human sentiment. In the "Prelude," which he prefixed to his first collection of poems,

Voices of the Night, the young poet clearly recognized his field of poetry and the sources of his inspiration:

Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
We can return no more!'

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.

This implied promise to make himself a poet of the heart, he held throughout his career, and from the first he showed a style eminently fitted to his themes,—a style simple, clear, and beautiful. It adorned the common-

place and raised prosaic material into the realms of the imagination. The result is that simplicity which has given him the titles, "Fireside Poet," "Children's Poet," "Poet of the People." We may call it a limitation, but the limits are as broad as the two continents, and extend to wherever hearts are touched and sentiments aroused. For simplicity implies sincerity, and no poet was ever more obviously sincere than Longfellow. He never wrote for the purpose of making an effect. His verse is the language of one heart speaking to another. No one knew better than he "the grand old masters" and "the bards sublime," and their "mighty thoughts that suggested life's endless toil and endeavor;" but it was the "humbler poet whose songs gushed from his heart" that soothed and satisfied him. And like these humbler poets he gained his place through characteristics discerned more by the feelings than by means of the principles of criticism.

Simplicity and Sincerity

It is in his shorter poems that Longfellow's personality best shows itself. These poems are chiefly lyrical, and therefore afford opportunity for frank self-expression. In "The Bridge," "Footsteps of Angels," "The Day is Done," "Resignation," "The Two Angels," "My Lost Youth," "The Cross of Snow," and many others, the personal tone is so marked that the poems may justly be called verse meditations. "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Old

Lyrics

Clock on the Stairs," though the themes are general in their application, have yet the local and personal touch. In "The Builders" we feel that the poet is in the lines, not only encouraging us to climb to higher levels but including himself as well in the exhortation.

Let us do our work as well,
  Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
  Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
  Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
  Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
  With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
  Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
  To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
  And one boundless reach of sky.

His lyrics are characterized by a wholesome moralizing; the sentiments, in spite of what harsh criticism might call their common-placeness, are inspiring and helpful. The sonnets are among his best lyrical work, and, judged by any standard, rank with the best in any literature.

Though Longfellow's personality is best shown in the

lyrics, the narrative poems constitute perhaps his most considerable achievement. If we include his *Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy,* more than half his work is narrative. The narratives brought together in the present volume represent his best poetic work. They cover a wide scope, including as they do, the ballads with their characteristic sweep, the more slowly-moving romance, the humorous sketch of Colonial life, the long legends in epic style, and the simple metrical tales. But they have other merits than variety and scope. It is the business of a narrative to tell a story. The demands made by the reader are simple but more or less exacting: the plot must move forward with ease and directness; the descriptive parts must not be thrown in merely for the purpose of giving vivid pictures, but must form an integral part of the story; and lastly, the characters must not be mere animated abstractions, but must live and act as persons would naturally act in the given situations. Longfellow knew well the demands that would be made upon his narratives, and he satisfied them with the charm of a master of the art. *The Skeleton in Armor, Evangeline, The Courtship of Miles Standish,* and the *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* have enriched our literature with some of the best narratives in the English language.

Narratives

Longfellow was least happy in his dramatic works. They are, as a class, far below the standard of his other poems. "The Spanish Student," his first attempt at

drama may be classed with his best works in this form, "The Golden Legend" and "Michael Angelo." The trilogy of *Christus*, in which he finally combined "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies," represents his most ambitious dramatic work. The parts are of varying merit, "The Golden Legend" being the only part which he brought to adequate development.

Dramas

In general, Longfellow's works, even those on nature, have the flavor of the library. As with his own Student in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, his inspiration was the culture that came from a wide acquaintance with books. Steeped in the spirit of old-world legend and song, he enriched our literature with a cosmopolitan literary culture. Observe the significance of these titles,—"The Beleaguered City," "The Belfry of Bruges," "Nuremburg," "To an Old Danish Song-Book," "Walter von der Vogelweid," "King Witlaf's Drinking Horn," "Gaspar Becerra," "Tegnér's Drapa," "The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè;" and note his many translations from the Spanish, the German, the Danish, the French, and the Anglo-Saxon. This world-wide interest accounts for his remarkable versatility. It likewise exposed him to the criticism that he was a "smooth-throated mocking bird warbling foreign melodies." Other critics brought forth graver charges of plagiarism, founded on his well-known

Longfellow's Place in Literature

habit of assimilating what others had written and giving it forth in a new and different form. Knowing that what he did was perfectly honorable, he neither answered his critics nor sought to hide the sources of his inspiration. Longfellow was not a poet of marked originality or, indeed, of great poetic insight; he did not explore the depths or reach the heights of imaginative fancy; the spark of genius akin to madness never touched his pen. But his work has its own obvious merits. He was a natural singer, essentially a melodist. Always calm, serene, dignified, imbued with a love of all things beautiful, versed in the lore of the Past, and actuated by a never failing human sympathy, he touched the harp and sang with such tenderness that

> All the many sounds of nature
> Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
> All the hearts of men were softened
> By the pathos of his music;
> For he sang of peace and freedom,
>
> Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
> Sang of death, and life undying
> In the Islands of the Blessed,
> In the kingdom of Ponemah,
> In the land of the Hereafter.

Though Longfellow is conceded to be America's most popular poet, there is a tendency among his critics to underestimate his real worth. They complain that he has not the poetic fire of Byron or Keats; that he has no mes-

sage such as Tennyson or Browning had; that he lacks the depth and passion of his own American contemporaries. So be it; but like the prophet of old, in looking for the wind and the earthquake and the fire, they neglect the still small voice. Moreover, the debt we owe to Longfellow no one can gainsay. We may outgrow our youthful fondness for the poet who first taught us to love poetry; we may even venture to criticize harshly the works which, in spite of faults, memory still holds dear; but we should not forget to be grateful for his wholesome influence in the formative stage of our literary taste. To regard Longfellow as a poet of the first order is to confuse literary values; but to scorn his merits and to depreciate his work because it is merely simple and tender and beautiful, is to be guilty of a pharisaical pedantry akin to ignorance. In his works, as in his life, he was the gentle Longfellow,—and gentleness is one of the elements of true greatness.

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE

Biographical

1807. February 27. Born at Portland, Maine.
1816–1822. At school in Portland.
1822. Entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
1825. Graduated with degree of B. A.
1825. Elected Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin.
1826. June,–1829, August. Travelled in Europe, studying modern European languages.
1829. September. Assumed professorial duties at Bowdoin.
1831. September. Married to Mary Storer Potter.
1834. December. Elected Smith Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard.
1835. April–1836, December. Travelled in Europe.
1835. November 29. Wife died at Rotterdam, Holland.
1836. December. Assumed professorial duties at Harvard.
1842. Autumn. Travelled for health in Europe.
1843. July 13. Married Frances Elizabeth Appleton.
1854. Resigned professorship at Harvard for active literary life.
1861. July 9. Mrs. Longfellow burned to death.
1868–1869. Travelled in Europe.
1868. June 16. Honorary degree, LL.D., from Cambridge, England.

1869. July 27. Honorary degree, D. C. L. from Oxford.
1882. March 24. Died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
March 26. Buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge.

Literary

1821–1826. Newspaper poems.
1830. Translation of L'Homond's French Grammar.
1831–1840. Contributions to the "North American Review."
1832. (In French) Syllabus de la Grammaire Italienne
1833. Coplas de Manrique.
1835. Outre Mer, (2 volumes).
1839. Hyperion, (2 volumes).
1839. Voices of the Night.
1841. Ballads and Other Poems.
1842. Poems on Slavery.
1843. The Spanish Student.
1845. Poets and Poetry of Europe (Edited).
1846. The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems.
1847. Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie.
1849. Kavanagh—A Tale.
1850. The Seaside and the Fireside.
1851. The Golden Legend.
1855. The Song of Hiawatha.
1857–1876. Contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly."
1858. The Courtship of Miles Standish.

1863. Tales of a Wayside Inn, Part I.
1867. Flower-de-Luce.
1867–1870. Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy, (3 volumes).
1868. The New England Tragedies.
1872. Christus, including
The Divine Tragedy,
The Golden Legend,
The New England Tragedies.
1872. Three Books of Song.
1873. Aftermath.
1874. The Hanging of the Crane.
1875. The Masque of Pandora.
1876–1879. Poems of Places, (Edited, in 31 volumes).
1877. Poems of the "Old South," (with Holmes, Whittier, and others).
1878. Kéramos.
1880. Ultima Thule.

Posthumous.

1882. In the Harbor.
1884. Michael Angelo.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Editions

The only complete editions of the works of Longfellow are published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston. They are:

Standard Library Edition, Complete Poetical and Prose Works, eleven volumes.

Cambridge Edition, Complete Poetical Works, one volume.

Household Edition, Poetical Works excluding *Divina Commedia*, one volume.

Biography and Criticism

The best life of Longfellow is that written by his brother, Samuel Longfellow, containing extracts from his journal and letters, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, three volumes.

Other books on Longfellow are:

Higginson's *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, in the "American Men of Letters" series.

Robertson's *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, in the "Great Writers" series.

Carpenter's *Longfellow*, in the "Beacon Biographies."

Norton's *Memoir and Autobiographical Poems.*

Gannett's *Studies in Longfellow.*

The following books contain chapters on Longfellow, critical accounts, etc.:

Newcomer's *American Literature.*
Stedman's *Poets of America.*
Curtis's *Literary and Social Essays.*
Higginson's *Old Cambridge.*
Stoddard's *Poets' Homes.*
Richardson's *American Literature.*
Scudder's *Men and Letters.*
Howells's *Literary Friends and Acquaintances.*
La[illegible]'s *Letters on Literature.*
W[illegible]ple's *Essays and Reviews.*
M[illegible] Fields's *Authors and Friends.*
Winter's *Old Shrines and Ivy.*
Wendell's *Literary History of America.*

INTRODUCTION TO THE BALLADS

The volume of 1841, *Ballads and Other Poems*, is in striking contrast with the sentimental musings of the poet's first published volume of poems, *Voices of the Night*, and indeed struck a note which for depth and intensity he rarely equalled.

"Ballads and Other Poems" 1841

"The Skeleton in Armor" shows well the poet's happy faculty of seizing upon a slight suggestion and working it out with the fertile inventiveness of the true poet. In a note appended to the volume of 1841, the poet gives an interesting account of the origin of this poem.

"The Skeleton in Armor"

"This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838–1839, says:—

"'There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed,—the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of

the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century,—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"'On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern.'

"I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho: 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that

it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.'"

Whether or not there is any connection between the Tower and they Norse explorers, of America matters little; at any rate, "The Skeleton in Armor" is notable among modern ballads. The subject-matter is strikingly romantic, and the general tone of the poem is characteristic of the far-away land of the North. In its onward sweep and stirring meter, it has a moving power little inferior to that of Drayton's "Agincourt."

"The Wreck of The Hesperus"

A letter of the poet's addressed to Mr. Charles Lanman gives his own account of the circumstances under which the second ballad was written.

CAMBRIDGE, November 24, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—Last night I had the pleasure of receiving your friendly letter and the beautiful pictures that came with it, and I thank you cordially for the welcome gift and the kind remembrance that prompted it. They are both very interesting to me; particularly the Reef of Norman's Woe. What you say of the ballad is also very gratifying, and induces me to send you in return a bit of autobiography.

Looking over a journal for 1839, a few days ago, I found the following entries:—

"December 17.—News of shipwrecks, horrible, on the coast. Forty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester. One woman lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place. Among

others the schooner Hesperus. Also, the Seaflower, on Black Rock. I will write a ballad on this.

"December 30.—Wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems, after which sat till 1 o'clock by the fire, smoking; when suddenly it came into my head to write the Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus, which I accordingly did. Then went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the Ballad. It was 3 by the clock."

All this is of no importance but to myself. However, I like sometimes to recall the circumstances under which a poem was written, and as you express a liking for this one it may perhaps interest you to know why and when and how it came into existence. I had quite forgotten about its first publication; but I find a letter from Park Benjamin, dated January 7, 1840, beginning (you will recognize his style) as follows:—

"Your ballad, *The Wreck of The Hesperus*, is grand. Inclosed are twenty-five dollars (the sum you mentioned) for it, paid by the proprietors of "The New World," in which glorious paper it will resplendently coruscate on Saturday next."

Pardon this gossip, and believe me, with renewed thanks, yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The meter employed in "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is the regular ballad-stanza, i. e., a stanza, of four iambic lines tetrameter and trimeter alternating, the second and fourth lines rhyming. Though it lacks the sweep of "The Skeleton in Armor," the poem remains a favorite because of its human interest and ballad-like simplicity.

BALLADS

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December:
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,

Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast
Bent like a reed each mast,

Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful.
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
" 'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

INTRODUCTION TO EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

Suggestion of Theme

The circumstances attending the writing of *Evangeline* are heightened in interest because they bring into relation two of the most interesting names in American literature, — Hawthorne and Longfellow. The poet's college classmate and life-long friend always felt something of a godfather's interest in the poem: the first review of the poem was by Hawthorne in a Salem paper, and in a personal letter to Longfellow he said that he had read the poem "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express." Longfellow's reply is interesting: ". . . Still more do I thank you for resigning to me that legend of Acady. This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

Hawthorne did in fact know of the legend before Longfellow. In the former's *American Note-Books* we read as follows:

"H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they

were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England,—among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him—wandered about New England all her life-time, and at last when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

"H. L. C." was the Reverend H. L. Conolly. One day at a dinner at Longfellow's house he recounted the story as he had heard it from one of his parishioners, and told the poet that he had been urging Hawthorne, then present, to write a romance on that theme, but that the material was not such as to appeal to him. "If you do not care for it, let me have it," said Longfellow.

Entries in his diary late in 1845 show that work had begun on the poem.

"November 28, 1845. Set about *Gabrielle*, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest.

"December 7. I know not what name to give to my new poem. Shall it be *Gabrielle*, or *Celestine*, or *Evangeline?*"

Historical Setting

The beginning of the story takes us back to the later years of the great struggle between France and England for supremacy in India and in the New World. Nova Scotia, formerly called by the French Acadie, had been ceded by France to England by the Peace of Utrecht, 1713, but the inhabitants of the peninsula, French farmers and fishermen, were not required to take the oath of allegiance to the English crown. The English government's control

over them was only nominal, and for forty years they were treated as neutrals. In 1749, the English planted a colony at Halifax on the opposite side of the peninsula from Grand Pré. The jealousy which soon arose between the two factions was only natural, for the French settlers were still French in sympathy both by blood and by religion and the vagueness of boundaries left by the terms of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, precipitated trouble between the French and English settlers. In the consequent struggle, the Acadians, although neutrals, suffered quite as much as their French brethren of the mainland.

Expulsion of the Acadians

How to treat the Acadians was a difficult problem for the English Governor of the Province and the Lieutenant-Colonel in charge of the New England troops that had been dispatched there to protect the English interests. The English settlers desired the Acadians' fertile lands; and moved by the differences in race and religion hoped for their expulsion; but to require their removal to French Canada would only strengthen the hands of the enemy. Accordingly, it was secretly decided by the authorities that the Acadians should be removed from the country and distributed among the English Colonies to the southward. The pretexts for such a course were these: the Acadians had refused to take the oath of allegiance; although they had affected the character of neutrals, in reality "they had furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarter, provisions, and assistance in annoy-

ing the Government of the Province;" and finally, three hundred of them had actually been found in arms at the capture of Fort Beau Sêjour.

The execution of the sentence required cunning and subtle severity. The duty, allotted to the New England forces, was undertaken by Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow and Captain Alexander Murray. A proclamation worded in ambiguous but peremptory language,[1] was issued to the several districts, in response to which on September 5, 1755, four hundred and eighteen men assembled in the Church at Grand Pré to hear "his Majesty's intentions." In a speech,[2] the Colonel, with some pretense of humanity and with much severity, announced the plan of removal. As prisoners, the Acadian men were guarded in the church by soldiers for four days, and on September 10, accompanied by all the other inhabitants, they were marched to the shore and placed on board the transports. In the confusion and excitement, although care was exercised to see that families should be kept together, husbands and wives and children were often in different vessels, and, in more than one case, members of families never saw each other again. The colonies receiving the exiles were Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. In their vain efforts to return to Acadia, many of the exiles wandered throughout the country.

[1]See note on line 239 of *Evangeline*, p. 391.
[2]See note on lines 432-441 of *Evangeline*, p. 393.

And thus was carried out by the English government this exile "without example in story,"—an act, wholly unnecessary, that must forever remain a blot in the history of the nation that caused it.

The Poet's Authorities

Evangeline is neither a history nor a book of travels, but there is so much about it that is both historical and geographical, that the sources of the poet's material are worthy of attention. Part I. follows closely Haliburton's *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* and Abbé Raynal's account, in French, of the life in Acadia. The poetical descriptions in the first part of the poem are only a little more highly colored than the French Abbé's prose account. The poet was never in Nova Scotia, but he succeeded in picturing the scenes in such a way that travellers pronounce them very accurate. With reference to the sources and suggestions, Longfellow's own words are interesting.

In his diary of 1846, two entries occur which throw some light on the descriptive parts of Evangeline's wanderings in Part II.

"December 17. . . . . I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very *à propos*. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of the poem, I look upon this as a special benediction."

"December 19. Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and sand-banks crested

with cottonwood, and the bayous by moonlight Three miles of canvas, and a great deal of merit."

The scene of the closing incident was based on a reminiscence of a visit to Philadelphia which he afterwards gave to a Philadelphia journalist.

"I was passing down Spruce Street one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high inclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death, at the poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic grave-yard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

"Hermann und Dorothea"—"Evangeline" not an Imitation

Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea* has often been called the model of *Evangeline,* but it is doubtful if such a relation can be established between the two poems. Both poems, to be sure, are based on true stories of an exile growing out of political and religious differences, and both poems have a love story as the centre of interest; but in their working out, they are wholly different, and lead to different conclusions. The two poems are in the same meter, and it is not at all unlikely that a reading of *Hermann und Dorothea* might have suggested the meter and a few obvious similarities; but *Evangeline* is too original

in its treatment of the theme, too consistently local, to call it an imitation of the great German poem.

The Meter

The meter of *Evangeline* is the dactylic hexameter, first essayed by the poet in his translation of Tegner's *Children of the Lord's Supper*, and afterwards used as the verse medium for *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and *Elizabeth*. The English hexameter is not the same as the classical hexameter of Homer and Vergil. In both Greek and Latin the metrical pronunciation is based on verse accent depending upon the quantity of vowels, rather than upon the customary pronunciation of the words as in English. But no one with a musical ear can doubt the music of Longfellow's hexameter and its fitness to the sentimental, melancholy atmosphere of the poem. Dr. Holmes's praise of the meter is not too high:

"From the first line of the poem, from its first words, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness around.

'This is the forest primeval.'

The words are already as familiar as

Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεά,

or

Arma virumque cano.

The hexameter has been often criticized, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect as we feel when carried along the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying

lines. Imagine for one moment a story like this minced into octosyllabics. The poet knows better than his critics the length of step which best fits his muse."

General Estimate

It is not difficult to call *Evangeline* the best of Longfellow's narrative poems. Beauty, sentiment, pathos,—these are the elements found blended in all his best poètry; and in none of his poems are they present in a higher degree than in *Evangeline*. "There are flaws and petty fancies and homely passages in *Evangeline*," writes Stedman; "but this one poem, thus far the flower of American idyls, known [in all lands . . . . —accept it as the poet left it, the mark of our advance at that time in the art of song,—his own favorite, of which he justly might be fond, since his people loved it with him, and him always for its sake." [1]

[1] Poets of America.

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

Part the First

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal.
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill, commanding the sea, and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron.
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, Young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm
yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the grea
sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors aroun
him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of th
forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantle
and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight de
scending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to th
homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on eac
other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of even
ing.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved fro
her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from th
seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed th
watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence th
wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and thei
fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smokewreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bag-pipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the black-smith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the black-smith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loupgarou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable;
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others,
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public:—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties.
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leather pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moon light
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré,
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stripped of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted:—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak:

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice: but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the way-side
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds, and fences and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her,
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

Part the Second

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had risen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him.
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say,—"Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—"I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile,—"O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by China-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course, and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air,
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen.
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus,
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the green-sward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending.
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and care-worn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lea of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance.

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—"O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added,—"Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered:—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floáts on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountain of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling:—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'er-shadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said,—"If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover:
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried,—"O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Windriver Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain, but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression.
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers.
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Rolled away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy, frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger:—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;..
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and
beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the
east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of
Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their Church
at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said,—"At length thy trials are ended;
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sick-
ness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their face
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-
side.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison,
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped
from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morn-
ing.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy,
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of home-spun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

The Poet's Interest in Indian Themes

The Song of Hiawatha, published in 1855, was not the first poem of Longfellow's showing his interest in the American Indian. In *Voices of the Night*, published in 1839, appeared "The Burial of the Minnisink," a remarkable little poem full of appreciation of the poetic elements in the customs and beliefs of the Indian. In the second part of *Evangeline*, fourth canto, there is a decided herald of the Indian legend which, in less than ten years, was to form the basis of one of his most ambitious efforts. Nor did he completely exhaust his store of Indian sympathy when *The Song of Hiawatha* was completed. "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," in one of his latest published volumes, shows how keenly he felt the Indian's wrongs at the white man's hand.

This interest in Indian themes found at intervals throughout his long career may be traced in part to the following facts. He passed his youth and early manhood in Maine, and doubtless had some contact with the remnants of the Indians before their migration westward. While in college at Bowdoin, he was strongly influenced by the life and labor of Heckewelder, a Moravian mis-

sionary among the Indians, whose works Longfellow read with curious interest as early as 1824. The publications of Schoolcraft, (whose work will be noted in detail later), especially the *Algic Researches*, and *Oneóta*, made a very great impression upon the poet during the years 1830–1840, when Indian themes kept suggesting themselves vaguely to his mind as a basis for serious work. Finally, when the poet heard the Ojibway chief, Kah-ge-ga-gah'-bowh, lecture in Boston in 1849 on the Religion, Poetry, and Eloquence of the Indians, he received an inspiration that was soon to bear fruit in a work of unquestionable merit and great popular favor.

Sources of the Work

The legends that form the basis of Longfellow's work first gained publicity through Mr. J. V. H. Clark in an article published in the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, containing some Iroquois legends obtained by him through two Onondaga chiefs. These notes of Clark's were used by Schoolcraft before they were incorporated in Clark's *History of Onondaga*, in 1849.

In the same year, 1849, Alfred Billings Street, afterwards State Librarian of New York, poet and miscellaneous writer, published his metrical romance, *Frontenac*. A few original notes from Iroquois sources together with Schoolcraft's works, which had been appearing at intervals since 1825, constitute the basis of Street's poem. It is known that Longfellow admired Street's mediocre work and praised highly his handling of nature.

Schoolcraft

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, however, was Longfellow's chief authority, source, and inspiration in writing *The Song of Hiawatha;* and in considering the origin of Longfellow's Indian material, too much credit cannot be given to Schoolcraft.

Schoolcraft was sent west as early as 1822 as agent for the Indian tribes around Lake Superior. Turning his attention to history and ethnology, he was one of the founders of the Algic Society, organized in 1831, at Detroit, for the purpose of preserving Indian traditions. During his years of service to the government, settling disputes, effecting treaties, managing Indian affairs in general, he was gathering a vast store of Indian legends, traditions, and customs, through personal contact with the Indians in their native haunts. His publications include literary and scientific works as well as his government reports. His chief works are these: *Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley,* 1825; *Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake,* 1834; *The Indian and His Wigwam,* 1838; *Algic Researches,* 1839; *Oneóta, or Characteristics of the Red Race of America,* 1845; *Notes on the Iroquois,* 1846; *Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes,* 1851; and his monumental work, published under governmental auspices at a cost of over $30,000,—*Historical and Statistical Information Respecting the History, Conditions, and Prospects*

of the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1851–1857. His *Hiawatha Legends* appeared in 1856, the year after Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*, and was dedicated to Longfellow. Schoolcraft's use of the name, *Hiawatha*, in connection with the Ojibway legends was made in spite of the fact that he was aware of the inconsistency of identifying an Iroquois character with western traditions, but it was done, doubtless, out of courtesy to Longfellow.

Because of his laxity in this and other matters, Schoolcraft laid himself open to the harsh criticism of the scientific historian, who is inclined to depreciate even his valuable contributions on the subject of Indian traditions. Parkman says that in view of his opportunities and his zeal, his results are most unsatisfactory. It is only just to say of Schoolcraft, however, that the blunders and contradictions are largely the mistakes of the old chiefs, the historians and story-tellers of the tribes, from whom he received the traditions as they were told him. Many of the legends appearing in Schoolcraft's works were translated by his wife, the grand-daughter of an Ojibway chief, who had been educated in Europe. Whether or not Schoolcraft's work is scientific, this much may be said,—that he has preserved much legendary Indian lore that would otherwise have been lost, however different and changed this lore may be from the true aboriginal traditions.

Longfellow felt and acknowledged his full debt to Schoolcraft. In his own notes that accompanied the first edition of the poem, he said:

"This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among the different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Longfellow's Debt to Schoolcraft

"Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians."

The form of the poem, like the subject-matter, has an interesting history. Longfellow was reading the Finnish Epic, *Kalevala*, at the time his ideas seem to have been crystallizing in regard to the subject-matter of his proposed poem; and the meter of *Hiawatha* is the meter of the *Kalevala*, the eight syllabled trochaic with frequent alliteration and a peculiar monotony of beat, said to be the characteristic verse of the Finns. This meter is very

The Form

old, probably dating to ante-Christian times. The trochaic tetrameter is wonderfully adapted to the characteristic style of the poem,—frequent repetitions and parallels. A comparison of a few lines of *Hiawatha* with the following translation from the thirty-sixth Rune of the *Kalevala* will show how completely Longfellow adopted the meter and style, including repetitions and parallels, as the medium for his poem.

The Kalevala

Rune XXXVI, 298–321.

Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
Grasps the handle of his broadsword,
Asks the blade this simple question:
'Tell me, O my blade of honor,
Dost thou wish to drink my life-blood,
Drink the blood of Kullerwoinen?'
Thus his trusty sword makes answer,
Well-divining his intentions:
'Why should I not drink thy life-blood,
Blood of guilty Kullerwoinen,
Since I feast upon the worthy,
Drink the life-blood of the righteous?'
Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
Wicked wizard of the Northland,
Lifts the mighty sword of Ukko,
Bids adieu to earth and heaven;
Firmly thrusts the hilt in heather,
To his heart he points the weapon,
Throws his weight upon his broad-sword,
Pouring out his wicked life-blood,

Ere he journeys to Manala.
Thus the wizard finds destruction,
This the end of Kullerwoinen
Born in sin, and nursed in folly.[1]

The derivative nature of both form and substance of *The Song of Hiawatha*, led the hostile critics to bring forth charges of plagiarism, and for a year and a half following the publication of the poem, Longfellow found himself in the midst of attack and defense. Schiefner's German translation of the *Kalevala* in the original meter had appeared in 1852, three years before *Hiawatha*. Longfellow was charged by his critics with having borrowed both the meter and the incidents for his *Hiawatha* from Schiefner's work, with which he confessed himself thoroughly acquainted. The poet felt keenly the injustice of the attacks upon his literary honesty. A letter to his friend, Charles Sumner, December 3, 1855, in answer to a harsh criticism in a Washington paper, contains a clear acknowledgment of his debt to Schoolcraft as well as to the *Kalevala*, and disposes finally of the charge of improper borrowing from either.

Charges of Plagiarism

"This is truly one the greatest literary outrages I ever heard of. But I think it is done mainly to show the learning of the writer. . . . . He will stand finally in the position of the man who makes public assertions he cannot substantiate. You see what the charge of imita-

[1]—Freely rendered into English verse by John Martin Crawford

tion amounts to by the extracts given. As to my having 'taken many of the most striking incidents of the Finnish Epic and transferred them to the American Indians'—it is absurd. I can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they *are* Indian legends. I know the *Kalevala* very well; and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous."

"The Song of Hiawatha" an Artistic Adaptation

Though *The Song of Hiawatha* is based upon a peculiarly American subject, it is wrong to claim for the poem what some over-friendly critics maintained,—that it is "a Forest Epic," a "Native American poem," "an Indian Edda;" "our nearest approach to an American Epic," etc. Epic is too great a term, and implies too much, to be applied to this poem. Epic poetry involves a natural growth and a natural spirit that are wholly foreign to *Hiawatha*. It is an epic poem only in the generic sense of being a narrative. Extravagant praise and unwarranted claims are not necessary for an appreciation of its charm. Those who like the poem like it for what it is, for what the author himself saw it to be,—merely a putting together of the legends and customs of a race known to him only through his books. The scenes of the poem, never visited by him, are pictured from bookish knowledge of geographical accounts, and his descriptions are the conventional descriptions of a writer who sees nature in her wildest haunts only with his mind's eye, by

the fireside of his study. Again, the characters of the poem are idealized beyond all warrant. Longfellow was too much a writer of sentiment to be able to keep out of the poem the human sympathy and tender sentiment so characteristic of his literary work as a whole. This is the basis upon which his detractors, among the scientists and historians, found their objections to the work,—that it is poetry, sentiment, idealization, not a contribution to the literature that helps to explain the American Indian, or to reflect his life and thought. It is not a natural poem, born of the forest and of the myths of a vanishing race; it is an art poem, born of the author's conception of what constitutes an artistic subject with all its purely literary and rhetorical adornments. As Professor Newcomer admirably suggests in his *American Literature*, *The Song of Hiawatha* is no more a poem of the soil than the poem an Englishman might write of the aboriginal Bushmen of Australia. The subject-matter is Schoolcraft's; the form and style are Finnish; the art of adapting the former to the latter is Longfellow's. His use of Schoolcraft's material shows skill in the principle of artistic selection. Omitting much that he knew would contradict the impression he desired to leave, he has given an idealization to his characters by the use of just such legends as would aid his object.

The chief character, Hiawatha, is a composite; and here, the artist is seen again in the re-creation of an ideal personage from elements of diverse source. The name Hiawatha

is first associated with a legendary Onondaga chief of Eastern Iroquois stock of the fifteenth century. Many noble as well as many trivial traits were attributed to him by the traditional accounts of the Indians themselves. But the character Longfellow had in mind, and around whom he proposed to make the poem revolve, was Manabozho, the culture hero of the West Algonquins. In his diary of June 25, 1854, he writes:

The Character, Hiawatha

"I could not help this evening making a beginning on *Manabozho,* or whatever the poem is to be called. His adventures will form the theme at all events." An entry the following week shows that he had adopted the more euphonious name, *Hiawatha:* "Worked at *Hiawatha,* as I do more or less every day. It is purely in the realm of fancy." Thus he continues to attribute *western* Algonquin traditions to an *eastern* Iroquois hero. It is interesting to note that the two Indian stocks which furnished these prototypes of the hero, were inveterate enemies, constantly at war with each other.

To know Hiawatha, then, one needs to know Manabozho. According to Parkman, he was the culture hero and ruler of the gods and animals among the Algonquin tribes. He is represented as the principal agent in the work of creation, the teacher of the various Indian arts of hunting, fishing, and the like, the destroyer of monsters, the neutralizer of evil influences, and withal a great trickster.

Hiawatha-Manabozho

"This Manabozho was the most conspicuous of the partly mythical characters of Algonquin tradition. He was known among that tribe under the various names of Manabozho, Messou, Michabou, Nanabush, or the Great Hare. He is king of all the animal kings. According to the most current belief, his father was the West Wind and his mother a greatgranddaughter of the moon. His character is worthy of such a parentage. Sometimes he is a wolf, a bird, or a gigantic hare surrounded by a court of quadrupeds; sometimes he appears in human shape, majestic in stature and wondrous in endowment, a mighty magician, a destroyer of serpents and evil manitous; sometimes he is a vain and treacherous imp, full of childish whims and petty trickery, the butt and victim of men, beasts, and spirits. His powers of transformation are without limit; his curiosity and malice are insatiable; and of the numberless legends of which he is the hero, the greater part are as trivial as they are incoherent."—[1]

The Other Characters

As with Hiawatha, so with the other characters of the poem,—Longfellow did with them what his artistic sense required. They are introduced in striking contrast with the central hero, (as in the case of Mudjekeewis, Pearl-Feather, and Pau-Puk-Keewis,) to accentuate his virtues, or to add to them by associating with him such characters as Iagoo, Kwasind, and Chibiabos. The romance and pathos centering around the lovely Minnehaha are essential to the human sympathy required of the reader by the poet, but are certainly not to be taken as accurate representations of Indian life.

[1]Parkman, *The Jesuits in North America*

What, then, is the value of a poem so startlingly lacking in originality, so full of inconsistencies in its ideal creations, so monotonous in metrical effect? We cannot call it an epic unless we qualify it by the word artificial; we cannot call it a true nature poem, for though the descriptions, when taken separately, appear to have the elements of a scene from nature, in the aggregate they lack the local color and the definite visualization of the true nature poet. We cannot read the poem in continuous stretches without being wearied by its parallelisms and repetitions of thought.

General Estimate

On the other hand, if we judge the work in parts, the style of the poem must be pronounced graceful and easy. The meter adds a charm of novelty to an already novel subject-matter. The poem is an artistic weaving together of the worthiest legends of the North American Indians whose virtues, idealized, are the virtues common to the heroes of every race. The charm of the poem—and charm it has—lies in the human sympathy that pervades it and the noble sentiments it inculcates. We forget that we are reading of the deeds of a primitive hero, when we are touched by the humanity of such an appeal as this:

> Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
> Who have faith in God and Nature,
> Who believe, that in all ages
> Every human heart is human,
> That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings
> For the good they comprehend not,

That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

It is this element in the poem that led Emerson to say of it,—"It is sweet and wholesome as maize."

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!
"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.
"And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"
Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye who love a nation's legends,

Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles,
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

I

THE PEACE-PIPE

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Light, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.
And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.
From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,

From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.
And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"
Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!
Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—
"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you.
"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!
"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"
Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river.
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!
From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II

THE FOUR WINDS

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,

When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.
He had stolen the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.
Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.
Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him:
With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—
"Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended;

Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman!
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!"
Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.
"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"
With a shout exclaimed the people.
"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!"
Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.
Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;

He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.
Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.
But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.
Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.
And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom;
And forever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.
Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.
There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.
Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
"Who is this that dares to brave me?
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone southward,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward?
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out!"
And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,

Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;
Four great logs had he for fire-wood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Singebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.
From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.
Till at last he rose defeated
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the door-way,
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.
Forth went Shingebis, the diver,

Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,
Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,
And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.
Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.
Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.
"Ah! my brother from the North-land,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit!
You have stolen the maiden from me,
You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the North-land!"
Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight forever;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses!
Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
'T was no woman that you gazed at,
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,
'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away forever,

Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!
Thus the Four Winds were divided;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens;
At the corners of the heavens;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.
She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the people;
"From the sky a star is falling!"
There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,

With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.
And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"
But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
Wooed her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.
Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.
For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
"O that I were dead!" she murmured,
"O that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;

Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying.
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.
At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,

Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river.

To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered
Trembled like the leaves above him.
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow,
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

IV

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.
Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!
He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!
Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was
Then he said to old Nokomis,
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset!"
From his lodge went Hiawatha,

Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;
On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.
Warning said the old Nokomis,
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning!"
But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.
So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.
Filled with awe was Hiawatha

At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.
  Filed with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.
  "Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!"
  Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.
  Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.
  Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,
Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!
Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?"
But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is nothing,
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"
And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,
"No indeed, I will not touch it!"
Then they talked of other matters;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.
And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps.
You confess it! you confess it!"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.
Then up started Hiawatha,

And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.
  But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!
  Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains;
From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle;
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.
  Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"
  Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,

To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.
"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'T is impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valor!
"Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the Wendigoes, the giants,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.
"And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."
Thus was fought that famous battle
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,
In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and water-courses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.
Homeward now went Hiawatha:
Pleasant was the landscape round him,
Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger

Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of vengeance
From his heart the burning fever.
Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.
There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges
Hard and polished, keen and costly.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.
Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs?
Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments,
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?
Who shall say what thoughts and visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men?
Who shall say what dreams of beauty
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?
All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at sunset,
Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.
On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him,

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.
And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.
Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,

Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"
Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches.
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.
So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset.
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.
"'T is enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."

And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.
On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder,
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.
Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.
Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.
And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"
Then he smiled, and said: "To-morro
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.

You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.
"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."
And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.
On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
But he tasted not, and touched not
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.
And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.
Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes,
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.
Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.
And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!
Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed,
But the place was not forgotten.
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"
Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the Autumn

Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow:
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.
Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,

All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.
From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.
Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"
Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"
Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"
And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music:
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Island of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.
Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;

For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.
Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.
Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
"In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"
Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together.
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;

Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."
Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.
"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them.
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow:
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.
Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,

Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.
Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.
And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder.
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibres,

Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with his tassels,
Said with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded

In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,

To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch-canoe exulting,
All alone went Hiawatha.
Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.
At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.
There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders

Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch-canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.
"Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"
Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch-canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.
Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,

"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream, with scales of crimson,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.
But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.
From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.
Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.
Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,

Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.
Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
"'T is our brother, Hiawatha!"
And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns;
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"
And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.
He was standing near his wigwam
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.
"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;

"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friend Kayoshk, the sea-gulls
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon;
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter."
And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.
To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning banquet.
Three whole days and nights alternate
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the rib bones,
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,

Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.
Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
As war-parties, when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,
Suddenly starting from his ambush,
Followed fast those bloody footprints,
Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon his features.
And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha:
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset!
"He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sends disease and death among us!
"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch-canoe for sailing,

And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever
That he breathes across the fen-lands,
And avenge my father's murder!"
  Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-gear,
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing;
With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,
O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water!"
  Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.
  Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.
  But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!"
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer:
"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"
  Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;

Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.
Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!
Onward to the black pitch-water!"
Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.
All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.
All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.
Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.
Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.
Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather!
Hiawatha waits your coming!"
Straightway from the Shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.
"Well, I know you, Hiawatha!"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.
"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!
Hasten back among the women,

Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!"
But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!"
Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.
Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.
Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker;
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded!"
Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.
Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.
But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.
Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.
Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,

And his face was in the water.
And above him wheeled and clamored
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.
Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch-water
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.
On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast and shouted:
"Honor be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sent disease and death among us!"
Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings.
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.
"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"
Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"
Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"
Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs

Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"
Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"
Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"
Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"
On the outskirts of the forests,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder
And sped forward without pausing.
At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.
He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were;
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!
She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Look up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter.
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,

As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow.
Left the old man standing lonely

At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"
Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadows, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.
Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway.
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.
All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadows, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree

Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.
Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis
How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.
Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.
She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.
First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis:
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.
But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,

Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.
And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.
Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.
Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.
Though the warriors called him Faint-heart,
Call him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.
He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.
Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances,
First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him,
Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!
Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.
Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:
"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!
"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.
"Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest?
"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!
"When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens,
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.
"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou are no longer near me!
"I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"
Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.
Very boastful was Iagoo;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.
Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!
None could run so fast as he could.
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,

None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller!
Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!"
He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.
And they said, "O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended."

XII

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,

Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage?
Yes; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened!
Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens!
This with joy beheld Iagoo
And he said in haste: "Behold it!
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!
"Once, in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.
"All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,

Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel.
"Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language!
"And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: 'I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter;
I am happy with Osseo!'
"Once, to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;
All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.
"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman;
And they heard him murmur softly,
'*Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!*
Pity, pity me, my father!'
"'Listen!' said the eldest sister,
'He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,

Does not break his neck by falling!'
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
"On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge, and hollow.
And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.
"Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty;
But, alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
"But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and withered
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,
Soothed her with soft words of kindness,
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.
"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,
At the banquet sat Osseo;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo.
Neither food nor drink he tasted,
Neither did he speak nor listen,

But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.
"Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender;
And the voice said: 'O Osseo!
O my son, my best beloved!
Broken are the spells that bound you,
All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil;
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!
"'Taste the food that stands before you:
It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
Shall be wood and clay no longer;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,
And the kettles shall be silver;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.
"'And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds, and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendors
Of the skies and clouds of evening!'
"What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.
"Then the lodge began to tremble,
Straight began to shake and tremble,
And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops

Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches;
And behold! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet!
And behold! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver!
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.
"Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.
Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.
"Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak-tree in the forest.
"Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather!
"And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,
Through transparent cloud and vapor,
And amid celestial splendors
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.
"Forth with cheerful words of welcome

Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son, Osséo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'
"At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: 'O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty,
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you
In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved you.
"'In the lodge that glimmers yonder
In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapors, on the left hand
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.'
"Many years, in peace and quiet,
On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,

With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.
"And the boy grew up and prospered,
And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
For his little son to shoot at.
"Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom;
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,
With the fluttering of their plumage;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers
At his feet fell wounded sorely.
"But, O wondrous transformation!
'T was no bird he saw before him,
'T was a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom!
"When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and vapors,
Till he rested on an island,
On an island green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.
"After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
Like the painted leaves of Autumn;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,

By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.
"Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their stature;
They remained as Little People,
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.
"Still their glittering lodge is seen there,
On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight!"
When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added:
"There are great men, I have known such,
Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.
From the story of Osseo
Let us learn the fate of jesters!"
All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other,
"Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?"
Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and tender,
In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.
"When I think of my beloved,

Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"Ah me! when I parted from him,
Round my neck he hung the wampum,
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"I will go with you, he whispered,
Ah me! to your native country;
Let me go with you, he whispered,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,
Ah me! is my native country,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"When I looked back to behold him,
Where we parted, to behold him,
After me he still was gazing,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"By the tree he still was standing,
By the fallen tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"
Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS

Sing, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,

In the pleasant land and peaceful!
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields.
Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch-canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested work the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.
All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'T was the women who in Springtime
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;
'T was the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.
Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife, the Laughing Water:
"You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!
"In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,

So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the corn-fields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.
"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle;
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,
Nor the mighty caterpillar,
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,
King of all the caterpillars!"
On the tree-tops near the corn-fields
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black marauders.
And they laughed at Hiawatha,
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
With their melancholy laughter
At the words of Hiawatha.
"Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise Man!
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"
When the noiseless night descended
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa,
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted,
Walked securely round the corn-fields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle

Of her footprints round the corn-fields.
No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"
On the morrow, as the day dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.
"We will drag Mondamin," said they,
"From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"
But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"
He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields
Snares to catch the black marauders,
And was lying now in ambush
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
Waiting for the jays and ravens.
Soon they came with caw and clamor,
Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the corn-fields.

Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.
And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves imprisoned
In the snares of Hiawatha.
From his place of ambush came he,
Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated corn-fields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.
Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.
With his prisoner-string he bound him,
Led him captive to his wigwam,
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.
"Kahgahgee my raven!" said he,
"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!"
And he left him, grim and sulky,
Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people!
Summer passed, and Shawondasee

Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.
Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:
"'T is the Moon when leaves are falling;
All the wild-rice has been gathered
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garment green and yellow!"
And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the corn-fields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.
On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.
And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,
"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,

You shall have a handsome husband!"
"Ugh!" the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.
And whene'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking,
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together:
"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields!
Paimosaid who steals the maize-ear!"
Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his anger,
And from all the neighboring tree-tops
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees!

XIV

PICTURE-WRITING

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!
"Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting

In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be!
"On the grave-posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,
From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
"Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others."
Thus said Hiawatha, walking,
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.
From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.
Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.
Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent,
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,

Was the meaning of this symbol.
Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.
For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for daytime,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noon-tide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.
Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol
All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,
Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."
And they painted on the grave-posts
On the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.
And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,

The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heaven;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven!
Such as these the shapes they painted
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin,
Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.
Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting.
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.
First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet;
'T is the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, "My painting
Makes me powerful over others."
Then the figure seated, singing,

Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation. "Listen!
'T is my voice you hear, my singing."
Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
"I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion!"
Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together,
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
Are, "I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!"
Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, "Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!"
Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, "Though you were far from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach you!"
And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
"Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"
Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.
Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered ever sweet and childlike,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!"
Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,
Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,
Covered all the earth with silence,—
Armed with arrows, shod with snowshoes,
Heeding not his brother's warning,
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.
Right across the Big-Sea-Water
Sprang with speed the deer before him.
With the wind and snow he followed,
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.
But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,
Dragged him downward to the bottom,

Buried in the sand his body.
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.
From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies,
And the thunder in the distance
Starting answered "Baim-wawa!"
Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—
"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"
And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.
Came the Spring, and all the forest
Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.
From the tree-tops sang the blue-bird,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweet musician!"
From the wigwam sang the robin,
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweetest singer!"

And at night through all the forest
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!"
Then the Medicine-men, the Medas,
The Magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
Came to visit Hiawatha;
Built a sacred lodge beside him,
To appease him, to console him,
Walked in silent, grave procession,
Bearing each a pouch of healing,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicines.
When he heard their steps approaching
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos;
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,
But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colors
Washed he slowly and in silence,
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the sacred wigwam.
There a magic drink they gave him,
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of healing;
Beat their drums and shook their rattles:
Chanted singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.
"I myself, myself! behold me!
'T is the great Gray Eagle talking;
Come ye white crows, come and hear him!
The loud-speaking thunder helps me;
All the unseen spirits help me;
I can hear their voices calling,
All around the sky I hear them!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"Friends of mine are all the serpents!
Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;
I can shoot your heart and kill it!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"I myself, myself! the prophet!
When I speak the wigwam trembles,
Shakes the sacred Lodge with terror,
Hands unseen begin to shake it!
When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath me.
I can blow you strong, my brother!
Rise and speak, Oh Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
Then they shook their medicine-pouches
O'er the head of Hiawatha,
Danced their medicine-dance around him,
And upstarting wild and haggard,
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from heaven,
Straightway from his brain departed
All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart departed
All his sorrow and affliction.
Then they summoned Chibiabos
From his grave beneath the waters,
From the sands of Gitche Gumee
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.
And so mighty was the magic
Of that cry and invocation,
That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;
From the sand he rose and listened,
Heard the music and the singing,

Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.
Through a chink a coal they gave him,
Through the door a burning fire-brand;
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead they made him,
Telling him a fire to kindle
For all those that died thereafter,
Camp-fires for their night encampments
On their solitary journey
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.
From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
Passing silent through the forest,
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabos!
Where he passed, the branches moved not,
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.
Four whole days he journeyed onward
Down the pathway of the dead men;
On the dead man's strawberry feasted,
Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it,
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the land of ghosts and shadows.
On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given
For that solitary journey.
"Ay! why do the living," said they,
"Lay such heavy burdens on us!
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,

Than to bear such heavy burdens,
On our long and weary journey!"
Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

XVI

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,
Vexed the village with disturbance;
You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,
He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.
Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis
Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.
He was telling them the story

Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the Summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not break it;
How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.
"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,
"Once he leaped, and lo! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshet is at highest!
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind him!"
"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis,
As he entered at the doorway;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."
Then from out his pouch of wolfskin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,

Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;
These were brass, on one side burnished,
And were black upon the other.
In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Thus exclaiming and explaining:
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."
Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Still exclaiming and explaining:
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-man,
Red are all the other pieces;
Five tens and an eight are counted."
Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings.
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.
"Many games," said old Iagoo,
"Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skilful,
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters!"

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
Played till midnight, played till morning,
Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled them,
Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.
Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
All against the young man yonder!"
'T was a youth of sixteen summers,
'T was a nephew of Iagoo;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.
As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.
"Ugh!" he answered very fiercely;
"Ugh!" they answered all and each one.
Seized the wooden bowl the old man,
Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before him.
Red were both the great Kenabeeks,
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings.

Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
White alone the fish, the Keego;
Only five the pieces counted!
Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;
Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!"
Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.
"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,
"To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"
Hot and red with smoke and gambling
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
All the birds were singing gayly,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,
As he wandered through the village,
In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,
Till he reached the farthest wigwam,
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;
No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome;
But the birds were singing round it,
In and out and round the doorway,
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,
And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.
"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"
Thus it was spoke Pau-Puk-Keewis,
In his heart resolving mischief;
"Gone is wary Hiawatha,
Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded!"
By the neck he seized the raven,
Whirled it round him like a rattle,
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam,
Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
As a taunt to Hiawatha.
With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about him,
Piled together in confusion
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,
As a taunt to Minnehaha.
Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Whistling, singing through the forest,
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,
Singing gayly to the wood-birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.
Stretched upon his back he lay there;
Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.
And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headland,
Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
He is slaying us by hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

Full of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.
Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet,
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.

"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"
Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry bushes,
Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.
From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,
Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"
Over rock and over river,
Through bush, and brake, and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.

From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:
"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!"
Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:
"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling branches.
From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.
To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger;
Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,

Change me, too, into a beaver?"
"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."
Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.
"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Make me large, and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."
Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway,
Leading into spacious chambers.
Here they made him large and larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
"You shall be our ruler," said they;
"Chief and king of all the beavers."
But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
Hiawatha with his hunters!"
Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,

And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken
On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.
Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.
Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.
And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Vanishing into the forest.
But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Glide into the soft blue shadow

Of the pine-trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like the wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,
Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded.
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others.
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whir and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not downward,
Lest some strange mischance should happen,
Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,

Fed among the moors and fen-lands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.
On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamor from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.
For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.
Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of Iagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!
All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and downward,
He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.
But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,

And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you!"
And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him.
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.
With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.
Looking over lake and landscape.
And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Pau-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.
There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain,
Opened not, and made no answer.
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.
Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness.
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.
Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns.
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.
Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.
Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."
And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII

THE DEATH OF KWASIND

Far and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.
"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,
"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water.
Give our bodies to be eaten

By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the water!"
So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!
Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind
In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.
Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that could slay him,
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals;
But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.
So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the margin
Jutting overhang the river.
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
The malicious Little People.
'T was an afternoon in Summer;
Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows;
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
With a far-resounding war-cry.
Down the river came the Strong Man,

In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
Very languid with the weather,
Very sleepy with the silence
From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch-trees,
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;
By his airy hosts surrounded,
His invisible attendants,
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.
To his ear there came a murmur
As of waves upon a sea-shore,
As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-trees;
And he felt upon his forehead
Blows of little airy war-clubs,
Wielded by the slumbrous legions
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
As of some one breathing on him.
At the first blow of their war-clubs
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;
At the second blow they smote him,
Motionless his paddle rested;
At the third, before his vision,
Reeled the landscape into darkness,
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.
So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
Underneath the wooded headlands,
Underneath the war encampment
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.
There they stood, all armed and waiting,
Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
On his crown defenceless struck him.
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden

War-cry of the Little People.
And he sideways swayed and tumbled,
Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish water
Headlong, as an otter plunges;
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
Drifted empty down the river,
Bottom upward swerved and drifted:
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.
But the memory of the Strong Man
Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,
And the branches, tossed and troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!
He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

XIX

THE GHOSTS

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.
Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,

Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,
One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hand had smoothed them over.
Through the forest, wide and wailing,
Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes;
In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin;
And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.
One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the fire-light,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their shadows
In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue
Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.
From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;

Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
"These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!"
Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.
Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;
Said within himself, "Who are they?
What strange guests has Minnehaha?"
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.
When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha:
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;
Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished."
Many a daylight dawned and darkened,
Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes
From the midnight of its branches;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.
And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.
Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.
Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,

In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.
From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.
And he said: "O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?"
Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices:
"We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.
"Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.
"Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.
"Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,
May not grope about in darkness.
"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions,
We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle"
When they ceased, a sudden darkness
Fell and filled the silent wigwam,
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air
For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX

THE FAMINE

O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent,
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!

I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,

He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,

Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to suffer,
Come not back again to labor,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

XXI

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered, white-skin-wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses;
Bound and plumed with scented grasses,

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.
"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."
From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"
And the young man answered, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"
"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest

Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flint-stone!"
"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"
While they spake, the night departed;
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"
Then the old man's tongue was speechless,
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.
And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished.
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,
Saw the beauty of the Spring-time,

Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.
Thus it was that in the Northland
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.
Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;
And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.
In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omeme,
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.
From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.
And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:

"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!"
He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"
O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"
From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"
In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us,
Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,

Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's foot in blossom.
"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.
"I beheld, too, in that vision,
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
"Then a darker, drearier vision,
Passed before me, vague and cloudlike.
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of autumn!"

XXII

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him,
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.
From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.
Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.
O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,

Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
Was it Shingebis, the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?
It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch-canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine,
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.
Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.
"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,

Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar!
"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"
And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"
Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.
All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos.
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,

From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him;
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.
And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.
Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-Pukkeena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
Slowly o'er the simmering landscape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha,
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey,
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,

From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor.
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!

INTRODUCTION TO THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

The Courtship of Miles Standish appeared in 1858. Encouraged by the tremendous success of *Evangeline*, published in 1847, and *The Song of Hiawatha*, published in 1855, Longfellow undertook this work upon the suggestion of one of his friends that he write a poem on the Puritans and the Quakers. The suggestion appealed to him, and he began at once to look for material. Seeing, without looking far, the tragic side of Colonial life, the result of his first effort with the subject was the beginning of *The New England Tragedies*, which ultimately formed the third part of *Christus*, published in 1872. After this heavy beginning, it was not long before he found a lighter subject that appealed to him, though he did little with it for a year. In December, 1857, he writes in his diary: "... I begin a new poem, *Priscilla*, to be a kind of Puritan pastoral; the subject, the Courtship of Miles Standish. This, I think, will be a better treatment of the subject than the dramatic one I wrote some time ago." An entry the next day adds: "My poem is in hexameters;

Suggestion of Subject

an idyl of the Old Colony times. What it will turn out I do not know; but it gives me pleasure to write it; and that I count for something." The work was begun seriously the next month, and in less than two months it was finished. This rapid work was in striking contrast with the way *Evangeline* dragged over the greater part of two years.

An American Theme

The subject is more truly American in theme than either of the two long narrative poems preceding. He tells no pathetic story of divided love; he introduces only incidentally the American Indian; but he gives in a straight-forward way a real story based on the annals of his own ancestors. A direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, he feels the nearness of his subject-matter, and the homely Puritan tale pulsates with the sorrows and joys, the privations and the triumphs, of the little band whose endurance went into the making of the sturdy New England character and of the determined American spirit.

Sources of the Poem

The poet had his material from the original sources. The long-lost manuscript of Governor Bradford's *History of Plymouth People and Colony* covering the period from 1620 to 1644, had just been recovered and published in 1856, giving its readers a new interest in the Old Colony days. It can hardly be doubted that the publication of this valuable work at the time of the poet's search for Colonial material, was most opportune. The work of Abiel Holmes, *Annals of America*, published in 1829, was in the poet's

possession, and this too gave the early history in interesting narrative. But the two works on which he drew chiefly for inspiration and material were these: Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* (including Bradford and Winslow's *Journal*, and other interesting contemporary accounts), a valuable source-book which appeared in 1841; and Charles Wyllis Elliott's *History of New England*, published in 1857, a work that attempted to portray vividly the daily household life of the Puritan village with all the little details so often overlooked by the historian. The latter work is truly what it aimed to be,—a graphic reconstruction of Puritan domestic life.

Historical Value of the Poem

On the basis of these historical works, from which he took his material freely, Longfellow proceeded to construct his poem on literary rather than on historical lines. He took the prosaic, realistic, unimaginative basis, and made such changes as he deemed necessary for the bettering of the story. The liberties he took were few, however, and while the story with its severe and simple setting has not suffered in essential accuracy of detail, it has thereby been rendered more dramatic and consistent with itself. The large number of Biblical allusions and references, (see Notes), is in keeping with the Puritan tendency to quote Scripture on all possible occasions. The incident of Priscilla's reply to John Alden, upon which the story hinges, is only a tradition, but in all other respects the poem is truly historical. It

does not follow scrupulously the Plymouth chronology, but it does catch the true spirit of the times, and this, together with the pictures of Colonial life giving the human side of the New England forefathers, enhances the historical value. The poem is not only history and romance: it is a transcript from Plymouth life.

The Characters

The characters are neither creations nor idealizations. The poet has taken them as they were, as they lived, as they enacted the scenes of this story, and has woven anew the story around them. They all have biographies in the *New England Dictionary of Biography*, and these give little that the reader does not get from Longfellow's poem. Miles Standish with his quick temper, "sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error;" John Alden with his simpleness and goodness and timidity, and his scrupulous fear of unscriptural conduct; Priscilla with her charity and nobility of womanhood, with her delicate humor and tact and good sense;—these have become popular character portraits in our national literary gallery, and had they been created outright instead of being painted from old pictures of real life, the critic would call them great. Life-like copies are only a little less great than original creations. Indeed, comparing Priscilla with Evangeline, the poet's own creation, she seems far more human and less an idealized abstraction.

The style of the poem is, in some respects, a falling-off from that of his previous works. The poetic level is not

so well sustained as it was in *Evangeline;* in fact, some of the lines are exceedingly prosaic. But in spite of this, perhaps because of it, the story moves along rapidly for a verse narrative. The supreme feature of the poem is its humor, which gives the lightness of touch necessary to make the sombre and depressing atmosphere of the first winter in Plymouth a suitable setting for a pleasant tale. There is no romantic sweep, no particular inspiration about the poem, but the genial and sympathetic humor breathing all through it is what saves it from being mere commonplace narration in verse. There are, moreover, passages as good as the best in *Evangeline.*

Style

The meter used in *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is the same as that of *Evangeline,* dactylic hexameter, and here shows its power of adapting itself to material of a lighter vein. The verse differs from that of *Evangeline* in being less regularly dactylic. The easy style of the poem is due in some respects to the varying accents and to the free use of substitutions for the regular foot. This gives a certain crispness of touch that harmonizes readily with the lightness of the theme.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his match-lock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous compaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman.
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
" 'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house, that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should ⌜mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets nor shot from the mouth of a cannon
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred:
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem.
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth:—"Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent.
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

IV

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,

Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of seagrass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there

Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailor's "Ay, ay, Sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend, have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—
You, too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,

Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then outspake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;

Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May Flower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas.
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailor.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes

Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon,
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him,—

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!

"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May Flower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the westwind,

Blowing steady and strong; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;

And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you are angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgivings,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!

Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breast-plate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians

Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,

Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,

Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?

Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—
All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation.
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

INTRODUCTION TO TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

The *Tales of a Wayside Inn* appeared in three separate parts and at considerable intervals. The Tales of the First Day appeared in November, 1863; the Second Day formed a conspicuous part of the volume called *Three Books of Song,* published in 1872; the Third Day appeared with *Aftermath* in 1873, completed on the poet's sixty-sixth birthday. The plan of writing a series of tales, supposedly told by the guests at an inn, did not suggest itself to Longfellow until after several of the poems had been published separately; "Paul Revere's Ride," a lyric forming a part of the "Saga of King Olaf," and the "Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," had appeared in the "*Atlantic Monthly*" some time before the first part was published in book form.

The Framework

The device of putting a series of tales into the mouths of a group of characters is an old one in literature, the most notable examples being Boccaccio's *Decameron* in Italian, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in English; Whittier's *The Tent on the Beach,* published several years after the first part of Longfellow's collection, follows the same plan. The fact that Longfellow originally called his work *The*

Sudbury Tales suggests Chaucer at once, and it is not unlikely that the similarity of titles accounts for the change to *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, a change made while the volume was in press. It will be conceded that the latter title is more felicitous as well as more original. Such a framework accommodates itself to leisurely expansion and lends itself admirably to the genius of a versatile writer like Longfellow.

Local Setting

The little town of Sudbury is situated about twenty miles west of Cambridge. In the old days it was only an inn for the accommodation of stage coach travellers westward. Shortly after the publication of Part First, the poet wrote to a friend in England:

"*The Wayside Inn* has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family, by the name of Howe, built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became innkeepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I described it, though no longer an inn."

There is an entry in the poet's journal for October 31, 1862, bearing upon his preparation for writing the Prelude.

"October ends with a delicious Indian-summer day. Drive with Fields to the old Red-Horse Tavern in Sudbury,—alas, no longer an inn. A lovely valley; the

winding road shaded by grand old oaks before the house. A rambling, tumble-down old building, two hundred years old, and till now in the family of the Howes, who have kept an inn for one hundred and seventy-five years. In the old time, it was a house of call for all travellers from Boston westward."

The vivid autumn touches in the Prelude are undoubtedly due to the impressions made by this visit.

The Characters

The characters to whom the stories are attributed have the same definiteness as the setting. In the letter above referred to, Longfellow asserted that they were all real. Though he nowhere gave the complete list, the disguises were so slight that his friends easily traced out the originals. The poet was Thomas W. Parsons, who is favorably known for his rhymed translation of parts of Dante's *Divina Commedia;* the Sicilian was Luigi Monti, Longfellow's intimate friend, an exile from Sicily, who, as a naturalized citizen of the United States, went back to Palermo as consul; the Theologian was Daniel Treadwell, Professor of Physics in Harvard College, who had also a great interest in theology. These three friends, Parsons, Monti, and Treadwell, often spent the summer months together at the Sudbury Inn,—a fact that adds more reality to the setting. The Musician was Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist; the Student was a young Harvard scholar, Henry Ware Wales, whose early death ended a life of promise; the Spanish Jew was an Oriental merchant of Boston whom the poet knew and painted as

he knew him. The Landlord may have been a creation, though his description is in keeping with the family in whose hands the inn had formerly been. In a small way, the characters are just as representative as Chaucer's "nine and twenty pilgrims."

The varied character of the group brought together at the Wayside Inn gave the poet a wide range in the choice of subject matter for his tales. The Norwegian Musician gave him a means of introducing his Norse Saga, which had been written three years prior to the Prelude. The Jew afforded him opportunity for drawing upon that great source of interest and inspiration, the *Talmud,* to which his friend Scherb had introduced him. And so with the other characters,—the tales they tell are characteristic of the narrators. This gives the plan unity and consistency, and affords the variety so much needed in such a series. The source and history of each of the tales here printed will be found in the Notes.

The Tales

The merits of the several tales vary almost as widely as the subject matter. Some of the stories, such as "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," "Torquemada," "Charlemagne," and "Emma and Eginhard," borrowings from older literatures, gain nothing by the retelling; some of them, indeed, seem to have been written merely for the sake of rounding out the series. On the other hand, the general Prelude, and the Preludes to the separate tales, take rank with the best of the poet's work; and some of the tales

are as charming as the character-sketches of those who are supposed to tell them. "Paul Revere" has the spirit, the dash, the simplicity of a ballad. Nothing could be better done than "The Legend Beautiful," "King Robert of Sicily," and "The Birds of Killingworth," the last named being the most original of the entire series.

In the main, the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* show an obvious decline of creative ability, but they possess the general characteristics of style that make Longfellow's works deservedly popular. The characters are well-drawn and the narratives are spirited. In a critical estimate of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, Stedman writes with his usual insight:

"With Longfellow's lyrical facility of putting a story into rippling verse, almost as lightly as another would tell it in prose, we find ourselves assured of as many poems as he had themes. [The excellence of his narrative] is due to a modern and natural style, the sweet variety of measures, and to his ease in dialogue. . . . Longfellow's frequent gayety and constant sense of the humanities make him a true story-teller for the multitude."[1]

[1]Poets of America.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,

The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent

His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought,—
The joy the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its heart.
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends, entranced
With the delicious melodies;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's heads, and for the crest
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore,
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,

And being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy; and next to those,
The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily;
And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—
Bucolic songs by Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, "Behold! once more
The pitying gods to earth restore
Theocritus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from Alicant
With aspect grand and grave was there;
Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least

Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments breathed a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,
And it was rumored he could say
The parables of Sandabar,
And all the Fables of Pilpay,
Or if not all, the greater part!
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
Talmud and Targum, and the lore
Of Kabala; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there;
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;

The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast:
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed; then began
A clamor for the Landlord's tale,—
The story promised them of old,
They said, but always left untold;
And he, although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded; and thus the story ran.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch

On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

INTERLUDE

The Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim with dust
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, "This sword was in the fight."
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
"It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-mail;
What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibur, or Aroundight,
Or other name the books record?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and everywhere,
To me a grander shape appears

Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red
As his escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.

And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,
The Student said, with careless ease,
"The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise, I sing!
Thus Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing swords.
Now listen to the tale I bring;
Listen! though not to me belong
The flowing draperies of his song,
The words that rouse, the voice that charms.
The Landlord's tale was one of arms,
Only a tale of love is mine,
Blending the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old,
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping overhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
And her own voice more sweet than all,
Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
Perchance may lose its power to please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

One summer morning, when the sun was hot,
Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,
Hung its delicious clusters overhead.
Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed
The river Arno, like a winding road,
And from its banks were lifted high in air
The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair;
To him a marble tomb, that rose above
His wasted fortunes and his buried love.
For there, in banquet and in tournament,
His wealth had lavish been, his substance spent,
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,
Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
To this small farm, the last of his domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace door,
Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,
That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.
Companion of his solitary ways,
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
On him this melancholy man bestowed
The love with which his nature overflowed.
And so the empty-handed years went round,
Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,
And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused
With folded, patient hands, as he was used,
And dreamily before his half-closed sight

Floated the vision of his lost delight.
Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare
The headlong plunge thro' eddying gulfs of air,
Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,
Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church,
And, looking at his master, seemed to say,
"Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;
The tender vision of her lovely face,
I will not say he seems to see, he sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,
Coming undaunted up the garden walk,
And looking not at him, but at the hawk.
"Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would that I
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee fly!"
The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start
Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,
As an æolian harp through gusty doors
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said,
His hand laid softly on that shining head.
"Monna Giovanna.—Will you let me stay
A little while, and with your falcon play?
We live there, just beyond your garden wall,
In the great house behind the poplars tall."
So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of dreams,
As mariners becalmed through vapors drift,
And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,
And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,
And voices calling faintly from the shore!
Then, waking from his pleasant reveries,
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant bird,

Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,
Had come with friends to pass the summer time
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still;
With iron gates that opened through long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,
And fountains palpitating in the heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among all,
And seeing more and more, with secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned again,
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,
Stormed down the terraces from length to length;
The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises for fruit.
But his chief pastime was to watch the flight
Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered he
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he found
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell,
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room
With secret awe, and preternatural gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away
The mother's heart would not be comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already dead,

And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length by her importunate cry,
"Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"

No answer could the astonished mother make;
How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,
Such favor at a luckless lover's hand,
Well knowing that to ask was to command?
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the best,
The master's pride and passion and delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
So promised, and then promising to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
Of dewy sunshine showering down between.
The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace
Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;
Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll
From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;
The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
Making a golden glory in the air,
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,
Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.
So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,
Each by the other's presence lovelier made,
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;
And when he looked and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise!
Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
And with fair words of salutation said:
"Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For past unkindness. I who ne'er before
Would even cross the threshold of your door,
I who in happier days such pride maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
This morning come, a self-invited guest,
To put your generous nature to the test,
And breakfast with you under your own vine."
To which he answered: "Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,
Among the asters in the garden walk
He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,
And as he entered for a moment yearned
For the lost splendors of the days of old,
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,
By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday;
Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,
Summoned the maid who came, but came in vain;
"The Signor did not hunt to-day," she said,
"There's nothing in the house but wine and bread."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook
His little bells, with that sagacious look,

Which said, as plain as language to the ear,
"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!
The master seized thee without further word,
Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round; ah me!
The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,
All these forevermore are ended now;
No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot;
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,
And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame
With her companion to the cottage came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell;
The room they entered, mean and low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,
With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavor was given to his country wine,
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,
A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose
And passed again into the garden-close.
Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,
Remembering still the days of long ago,
Though you betray it not, with what surprise
You see me here in this familiar wise.
You have no children, and you cannot guess
What anguish, what unspeakable distress
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,

Nor how her heart anticipates his will.
And yet for this, you see me lay aside
All womanly reserve and check of pride,
And ask the thing most precious in your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,
Which if you find it in your heart to give,
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes;
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.
But thinking in what manner I could best
Do honor to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier could be
Than what most dear and precious was to me,
And so my gallant falcon breathed his last
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,
That nothing she could ask for was denied;
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate
With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,
Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"
Three months went by, and lo! a merrier chime
Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time;
The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,

Never so beautiful, so kind so fair,
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,
High-perched upon the back of which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in wood,
And underneath the inscription, with a date,
"All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE

Soon as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found vent,
And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
"These old Italian tales," he said,
"From the much-praised Decameron down
Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighborhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied,
"For the white lily, many thanks!
One should not say, with too much pride.
Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said,

"An angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,
And murmured with an inward breath:
"God grant, if what you say is true,
It may not be the Angel of Death!"

And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:
"This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,
And never wearies nor grows old."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon his face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"
The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here hath done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath
"Give back the sword, and let me go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!
Anguish enough already hath it caused
Among the sons of men." And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."
The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

INTERLUDE

He ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious chords,
That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast.
They almost feared to look, lest there,
Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: "While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from us,—
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, if I remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparalled in magnificent attire,

With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree,"
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened. and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide:

A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; Let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
"There is," said he, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norroway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,

Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

I

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

II

KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,

Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and morasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,
And a hurried flight by sea;
Of grim Vikings, and their rapture
In the sea-fight and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, "We should know each other;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honors, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites baptismal,
In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life.

As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown,
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III

THORA OF RIMOL

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me!

For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through thorp and town!"
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."
Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker,
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee!
For all the King's gold I will never betray thee!"
"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,
And then again black as the earth?" said the Earl.
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying,
"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!"
And Hakon answered, "Beware of the king!
He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring."
At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,
But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife,
And the Earl awakened no more in this life.
But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging,
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls;
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay
Between her own Kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said,—
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called
The Unappalled!

Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts me"

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue,
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of splendor!
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared

Round about with steps unsteady;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
"Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind Kallda and his men!"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them

And at eve the King again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on;—
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,"
Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
"The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

VI

THE WRAITH OF ODIN

The guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long;
The hoary Scalds together sang;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale!
Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid;
Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
"'T is late, O King, and time for bed."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest
Followed and entered with the rest;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,

And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes
Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech?"
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep!
Night wanes, O King, 't is time for sleep!"
Then slept the King and when he woke
The guest was gone, the morning broke.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said:
"I know that Odin the Great is dead;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

VII

IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,

Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback with an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring;
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!"

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

VIII

GUDRUN

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?

"'T is the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor
'T is nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair!
Gudrun, beware!"

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;
And forever sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride!

IX

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

Short of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look!" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at,
That they quarrelled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folks in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every Scald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all

Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main,
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X

RAUD THE STRONG

"All the old gods are dead
All the wild warlocks fled;
But the White Christ lives and reigns,
And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread!"
On the Evangelists
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
Beheld he the crimson light,
And heard the voice that defied
Him who was crucified,
And challenged him to the fight.
To Sigurd the Bishop
King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
"The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord,
By rapine, fire, and sword,
Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong;
All the Godoe Isles belong
To him and his heathen horde."
Thus went on speaking
Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,
And lord of the wind and the sea;
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favoring gales,
By his craft in sorcery."
Here the sign of the cross made
Devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more."
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
"I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud!"
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf!

XI

BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim haven
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,
As the leaves are swept through sluices,
When the flood-gates open wide.

"'T is the warlock! 't is the demon
Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen;
"But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled;
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him,
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,
While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choosé between the good and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: "I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,

Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,

Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the board.

And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 't was multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!
To the Lord!"

XIII

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Thorberg Skafting, master-builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,

Whistling, said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should built another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways, drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
Mallet huge and heavy axe;
Workmen laughed and sang and clamored;
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting
From his homestead words of woe;

To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared:
Some one, all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thanking,
"Handsomer is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;

High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,
In the ship-yard by the sea;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner;
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale:
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;

Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's street,
Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
  Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
Owned a ship so well apparelled
  Boasted such a crew!

XV

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
  The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
  And repeated again and again.
    Hoist up your sails of silk,
    And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
  And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
  From his town by the stormy sea.
    Hoist up your sails of silk,
    And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through wold,
  By day and by night, they say,
She has fled; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
  And the town is all in dismay.
    Hoist up your sails of silk,
    And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful Queen;

And they wonder how it will end;
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all!
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is fanned
The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

XVI

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim,
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber,
Lone'y and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded,
For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,

Like the sun at Easter
Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
Like the dews of morn;

But she cast them from her,
Haughty and indignant,
On the floor she threw them
With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,
"Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds.

"When he ravaged Norway,
Laying waste the kingdom,
Seizing scatt and treasure
For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture
Through the Sound to Vendland,
My domains to rescue
From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,
Forked Beard, my brother,
Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,
With an oath he answered
Thus the luckless Queen:

"Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin!"

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces,
Making his war levy
In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage,
Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri

He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
"Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair!

"Now I will confess it,
Better things are jewels
Then angelica stalks are
For a Queen to wear."

XVII

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

Loudly the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the Isle of Svald
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,

Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honor's sake,
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward!"
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season;
With them Earl Sigvald came,
Eager for spoil and fame;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason.

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,

Plotted the three kings;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven;
Him to ensnare and bring,
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven!

XVIII

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,

As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me!
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea!"

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"STRIKE the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume

The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here."
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
"Have I a coward on board?" said he.
"Shoot it another way, O King!"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf;
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;

To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

XX

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head;

"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
Then Earl Eric said.
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O king!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
Straightway Olaf said;
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
At the first assay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry temper
Flushing in his cheek,
"Olaf! for so great a Kämper
Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!".

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,

Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII

THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted
The angry defiance,

The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;

Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this:
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ,
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these

The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?

"I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone, but seven
The voice prophetic spake from heaven;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

"Ah! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified!

"For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,

And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

TORQUEMADA

In the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid,
Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,
And all his actions save this one alone;
This one, so terrible, perhaps 't were best
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin;
A double picture, with its gloom and glow,
The splendor overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost
On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed;
And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,
He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street;
Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought,
As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought.
In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent,
Walked in processions, with his head down bent,
At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen,
And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green.
His only pastime was to hunt the boar
Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,
Or with his jingling mules to hurry down
To some grand bull-fight in the neighboring town,
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;
The demon whose delight is to destroy

Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,
"Kill! Kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood,
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,
Returning from their convent school, had made
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade,
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,
When first she came into that gloomy place,—
A memory in his heart as dim and sweet
As moonlight in a solitary street,
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.
These two fair daughters of a mother dead
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.
A joy at first, and then a growing care,
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!"
A vague presentiment of impending doom,
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear
That death to some one of his house was near,
With dark surmises of a hidden crime,
Made life itself a death before its time.
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,
A spy upon his daughters be became;
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,
He glided softly through half-open doors;
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,
He stood beside them ere they were aware;
He listened in the passage when they talked,
He watched them from the casement when they walked,
He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide;
And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,
Baffled he paused; then reassured again
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.
He watched them even when they knelt in church;
And then, descending lower in his search,
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes
Listened incredulous to their replies;
The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood!

The monk? a mendicant in search of food!
At length the awful revelation came,
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name,
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,
And the ancestral glories of the past,
All fell together crumbling in disgrace,
A turret rent from battlement to base.
His daughters talking in the dead of night
In their own chamber, and without a light,
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry
He raised his hands to the unpitying sky,
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree
Caught it, and shuddering answered, "Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face
Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace,
He walked all night the alleys of his park,
With one unseen companion in the dark,
The Demon who within him lay in wait,
And by his presence turned his love to hate,
Forever muttering in an undertone,
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
While yet the dew was glistening on the grass,
And all the woods were musical with birds,
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.
When questioned, with brief answers they replied,
Nor when accused evaded or denied;
Expostulations, passionate appeals,
All that the human heart most fears or feels,
In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed,
In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed;
Until at last he said, with haughty mien,
"The Holy Office, then must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
With all the fifty horsemen of his train,

His awful name resounding like the blast,
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,
Came to Valladolid, and there began
To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.
To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate
Demanded audience on affairs of state,
And in a secret chamber stood before
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar;
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,
And in his hand the mystic horn he held,
Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled.
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,
Then answered in a voice that made him quail:
"Son of the Church! when Abraham of old
To sacrifice his only son was told,
He did not pause to parley nor protest,
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.
In him it was accounted righteousness;
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?
His daughters he accused, and the same day
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,
That dismal antechamber of the tomb,
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,
And said: "When Abraham offered up his son,
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.
By his example taught, let me too bring
Wood from the forest for my offering!"
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified,
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"
Then this most wretched father went his way
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,

Where once his daughters in their childhood played
With their young mother in the sun and shade.
Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
And screaming from their eyries overhead
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,
Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,
Grant me one more request, one last desire—
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"
And Torquemada answered from his seat,
"Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.
At the four corners, in stern attitude,
Four statues of the Hebrew prophets stood,
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes
Upon this place of human sacrifice,
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,
And every roof and window was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,
A line of torches smoked along the street,
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
And, with its banners floating in the air,
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,

And louder sang the monks with bell and book,
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,
Lifted his torch, and bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?
O pitiless earth! why opened no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,
And as the villagers in terror gazed,
They saw the figure of that cruel knight
Lean from a window in the turret's height,
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

INTERLUDE

Thus closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed

The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.
"In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss.
The Italian tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belphagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand,
With such entreaty and command,
It stopped discussion at its birth,
And said: "The story I shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth!"

THE POET'S TALE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,

And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Look round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on some top-most spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,

When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with bloodstains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down

The canker-worms upon the passersby,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed.
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

FINALE

The hour was late; the fire burned low,
The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,
And near the story's end a deep
Sonorous sound at times was heard,
As when the distant bagpipes blow.
At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,
As one awaking from a swound,
And, gazing anxiously around,
Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes, and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."
Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlor light;
While from the windows, here and there,
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.
Far off the village clock struck one.

NOTES

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

Line 5. *Eastern balms.* Spices and aromatics used in the Egyptian art of embalming.

11. Probably alluding to the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights.

17. *Viking.* The word means literally *creek-* or *bay-dweller*, and through its origin calls to mind the Norse life of the middle ages from the eighth to the eleventh century, when roving, piracy, and plundering were regarded by the northern Teutonic peoples as honorable activities. During the period above mentioned, the vikings harried the coasts of England, Normandy, and other parts of Europe, and founded settlements of more or less permanence in England, France, Iceland, Spain, Sicily, and other parts of the world, extending probably even to America. The vikings are famous in Scandinavian sagas for their daring bravery and other heroic virtues characteristic of the northern Teutonic tribes.

19. *Skald.* A name given to the ancient Scandinavian bards or singers. Also spelled *scald.*

20. *Saga.* A Scandinavian myth or heroic story. The word includes history in its sober sense as well as pure legend.

25. *Northern Land.* Eastern Scandinavia is meant. Consult a map of the Baltic region.

28. *Gerfalcon.* A species of hawk used in falconry. Also spelled *gyrfalcon* and *jerfalcon.*

38. *Were-wolf.* Literally *man-wolf*, "wer" being an Anglo-Saxon word for "man." According to medieval superstition, the were-wolf was a person who possessed the power of changing himself, voluntarily or involuntarily, into a wolf, and in that form practiced cannibalism. Compare the note on *Loup-garou*, "*Evangeline*," line 280.

49. *Wassail-bout.* A drinking contest. Wassail, derived from the Anglo-Saxon *weshal, be whole*, i. e. *health to you*, an ancient drinking salutation, came to mean later the drink itself.

53. *Berserk.* A Norse warrior who fought with frenzied fury naked and intoxicated.

57-64. Of what Shakesperian hero and heroine are these lines suggestive?

79. *Minstrels.* Retainers in the lord's castle whose business it was to play musical instruments for the entertainment of their lord

or wandering gleemen who sang and recited in hall and castle. In a private way, minstrels were prominent characters during the middle ages.

110. *Skaw.* Cape Skagen at the northeastern extremity of Denmark, (Jutland).

122. *Cormorant.* A sea-raven proverbial for gluttony.

134. *Lofty tower.* The old Stone Tower at Newport, which the poet associates with the heroic skeleton, is by some supposed to have been erected by the Norsemen. See page 36.

159. *Skoal!* "In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation."

—Longfellow's Note.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

14. *The Spanish Main.* A popular name for the waters of the northern coast of South America, so-called because of the route of the Spanish merchant ships of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on their way to and from South American ports. The early period of European colonization of America is characterized by conflicts between the merchants of the several nations, by whom war, piracy, and privateering were hardly distinguished. The "Spanish Main" suggests treasure-ships, buried treasure. and all that pertains to the life of a buccaneer, and calls to mind expeditions made famous by such men as Magellan, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Captain Kidd, and a score of others.

17. A popular sign indicating stormy weather.

55-56. Cf. Matthew viii: 23-26.

60. *Norman's Woe.* The name of a reef off the coast of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

3. *Druids.* Priests of ancient Britain and Gaul, whose mysterious rites have become the source of many literary references. The oak and the mistletoe were peculiarly sacred to the Druids. The chief source of our knowledge of the Druids and Druidism is Cæsars' Commentaries, part of which was written after his invasions of Britain, in 55 and 54 B. C.

4. *Harpers.* The word suggests the minstrels of the middle ages. For a vivid description of a medieval harper, read the Introduction to Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

What is the precise effect of this double simile descriptive of the Acadian pines?

Compare "*The Song of Hiawatha*," *Introduction*, lines 79–115, for similarity of appeal to the reader.

20. *Acadian land.* The early French and present poetic name for the English province of Nova Scotia has, in the French records, a variety of spellings:—*Cadie, Acadie, Arcadia, Accadia, L'Acadie*, the several forms being used indiscriminately. The word is a French adaptation of an Indian name for *place*; the English Quoddy comes from the same Indian root. *Basin of Minas.* An eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy.

21. *Grand-Pré.* The French for big meadow. The present village is on the site of the old French village, but there is nothing in the latter that suggests the former. See line 15 of the poem.

24. *Dikes.* Suggestively reminiscent of the European home of the French colonists who settled Acadia, 1633-1638, under the leadership of Rizillai and Charnise. Their ancestors, dwelling in the marshes of western France, had been accustomed to protect themselves from invasions of the sea by means of artificial dykes, and the Acadians found it natural to continue the same practice in a region similarly situated.

29. *Blomidon.* A peak of red sandstone jutting out as a promontory four hundred feet high into the entrance to Minas Basin.

30. *Sea-fogs.* This region of the North American coast is famous for its dense fogs, occasioned by the meeting of the warm waters of the Gulf Stream with the cold currents of the north. What is the force of the figure in this line?

33-57. The idyllic description of the Acadian village given here is based on the French account of the settlers written by Abbé Raynal, and, though highly colored, is probably not an over-statement of the real conditions.

34. *Normandy.* The name of a division of France lying between Flanders and Brittany and opposite to the southern coast of England. *Henries.* Probably Henry III and Henry IV, 1574–1610, are meant. They were Kings of France just prior to the time of the French settlement of Acadia.

35. *Thatched were the roofs.* Thatched roofs were made of straw or reeds so arranged as to shed water. They were used by primitive people as well as by civilized, and are not characteristic of the former any more than of the latter.

39. *Caps and kirtles.* The characteristic dress of the French peasants. "Kirtle" was sometimes applied to the jacket, sometimes to the train or upper petticoat attached to it. Both garments constituted the full kirtle; either one the half kirtle.

41. *Gossiping looms.* Why *gossiping?*

49. *Angelus.* A bell rung in Roman Catholic countries at morning noon, and night, as a call to recite the *Angelus Domini*, a devotion commemorative of the Annunciation. (See Luke i: 28–38.)

72. *Hyssop.* A plant used by the Jews in their purifications. Cf. Exodus xii: 22; Leviticus xiv: 4; Hebrews ix: 19.

74. *Missal.* A book containing the service for the celebrations of mass throughout the year.

87. *Penthouse.* A roof with a single slope affixed by its upper edge to the wall of a building.

93. *Wains.* Poetic for *wagons.*

96. *Peter.* Compare Matthew xxvi: 75.

102. *Mutation.* Changes of wind and season.

107. *Hem of her garment.* Reminiscent of Matthew ix: 20-22?

122. *Plain-song.* A variety of old church music not subject to strict rules of time but following the word-accent; called sometimes the Gregorian chant.

133. The French have a similar saying, "Guests going into the wedding."

137. "If the eyes of one of the young of a swallow be put out, the mother bird will bring from the sea-shore a little stone, which will immediately restore its sight; fortunate is the person who finds this little stone in the nest, for it is a miraculous remedy." (Quoted by Wright in his *Literature and Superstitions of England in the Middle Ages* from Pluquet's *Contes Populaires.*)

144. *Saint Eulalie.* Pluquet gives in his book of Norman superstitions the proverbial saying that if the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day (February 12), there will be plenty of apples and cider.

149. *The sign of the Scorpion.* The eighth sign of the zodiac, entered by the sun about October 20. Consult a geography or physiography and determine precisely what is meant by the "retreating sun."

153. *Jacob.* Compare Genesis xxxii: 24-29.

159. *Summer of All-Saints.* The season of Indian Summer, called by the French Saint Martin's Summer. All-Saints Day is the first of November; Saint Martin's, the eleventh.

170. *The Persian.* Xerxes. Herodotus gives the story in the Seventh Book of his *History of the Persian Wars.* Xerxes found a beautiful plane-tree and was so charmed by it that he dressed it with mantles and jewels as one might a woman, and placed it in the care of a special guard.

205. *Pewter plates.* At the time of this story, and prior thereto, tableware and domestic utensils were commonly made of pewter.

209. The geographical references here give us the extremities of

France, and indicate that the ancestors of the Acadians were not confined to the low region of western France.

228. *Harvest moon.* The full moon that falls nearest the autumnal equinox. The season is attended in some countries with unusual festivity.

238. *Gaspereaux.* A river flowing into the Basin of Minas just north of Grand-Pré.

239. Haliburton, in his History of Nova Scotia, quotes in full the command as given by Colonel Winslow:

"To the inhabitants of the District of Grand Pré, Minas, River Canard, &c; as well ancient, as young men and lads:

Whereas, his Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him, We therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above named District, as of all the other Districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand-Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate. Given at Grand-Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's Reign. John Winslow."

Note the ambiguity and vagueness of the mandate.

249. *Louisburg, Beau Séjour, Port Royal.* Louisburg, the capital of Cape Breton, was taken by the English in 1745, restored to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, and retaken by the English in 1757. The loss to the French was great, in that the city controlled the entrance to the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence. Beau Séjour was taken June 12, 1755 just prior to the events of this story. The name was changed to Fort Cumberland. Situated on the neck of land between Acadia and the main-land, its position was one of great importance. PortRoyal, the principal town of Acadia, founded by the French in 1604, had been conquered by the English in 1690, but had been restored to the French by treaty in 1697. It was again seized by the English in 1710 and by the Peace of Utrecht, 1713, had been definitely ceded to Great Britain with all Acadia. The name was changed to Annapolis Royal. The order of the references in this line is not chronological, but was determined, perhaps, by the demands of the meter.

261. *Glebe.* Poetic for *soil.*

275. *The War.* In all probability, King George's War, 1744-1748.

280. *Loup-garou.* The stories of the *Loup-garou,* or were-wolf, and the *Létiche,* and the miraculous properties of spiders, clover, and horseshoes, are all given by Pluquet in his *Contes Populaires.* The Loup-garou was, according to an old superstition, a human being who had the power to turn himself into a wolf and yet retain human intelligence. Cf. *Were-wolf* in "The Skeleton in Armor," line 38.

281. *Goblin.* Kobold, a kindly spirit, industrious and helpful, but unwilling to be thanked.

282. *Létiche.* Pluquet conjectures that the fleet ermine fox gave rise to this story.

284. *The oxen.* The superstition still lingers in England and on the continent, that on Christmas eve, at midnight, the cattle fall to their knees in worship of the Saviour, as the legends say they did in the stable on the night of his birth.

285. *Spider.* That the ague could be cured by hanging around the neck a spider sealed in a goose-quill, was a belief current in England.

306-325. The original of this story is one of the oldest legends of Florence. In Rossini's opera, *La Gazza Ladra,* [The Thieving Magpie], the same theme is found in a slightly changed form.

335. *Dower.* "As soon as a young man arrived to the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelve-month. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks." (Quoted by Haliburton from Abbé Raynal.)

344. *Draught-board.* Checker-board.

348. *Embrasure.* An architectural term meaning the sloping or bevelling of an opening in the wall, either window or door, so as to enlarge the profile.

354. *Curfew.* A corruption from the French *couvre-feu,* literally meaning *cover-fire.* The bell, rung at nine, or at sunset, as in England, warned the villagers to put out their fires (or cover them), lock their doors, and go to bed.

381. Compare Genesis xxi: 14-21.

386. What is the force of the figure in this line?

396-398. "Real misery was wholly unknown and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren; every individual of which was equally ready to give, and to receive, what he thought the common right of mankind. So perfect a harmony naturally prevented all those connexions of gallantry

which are so often fatal to the peace of families." (Quoted by Haliburton from Abbé Raynal.)

413. The titles of popular songs in France, appropriate to festival occasions.

432-441. The address delivered by Colonel Winslow is quoted in Haliburton's History from the original manuscript of Winslow's diary:

"Gentlemen: I have received from his Excellency Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are aware of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely—that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I also must inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command."

472. *Prince of Peace.* Compare Isaiah ix: 6.

476. *Father, forgive them.* Compare Luke xxiii: 34.

484. *Ave Maria.* The first two words of a Latin prayer to the Virgin, meaning *Hail Mary!* Compare Luke i: 28.

486. *Elijah.* Compare II Kings ii: 11.

492. *Emblazoned.* The word means more than merely "lit up." Consult a dictionary and note the heraldic idea.

507. *Like the Prophet.* Moses. Read Exodus xix for the Biblical story.

513. *Grave of the living.* What is meant?

521. The story told by the notary, lines 302-325.

524. *Fifth day.* "The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure."

The church meeting having been held September 5, it was the fifth day before the actual moving began.

541. For four days the men had been confined as prisoners within the church. "The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns." (Haliburton.)

570. "Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again." (Quoted by Haliburton from an address to the King drawn up by the Acadians who had been sent to Pennsylvania.)

575-576. What tautology here?

585-588. "For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smoldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch dogs howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them." (Haliburton.)

597. *Paul.* Compare Acts xxviii: 1-10.

605. *Benedicite.* A Latin word meaning "Blessings be upon you!" Compare *benediction.*

615. *Titan-like.* A reference to Briareus, the hundred-handed Titan, who with the other Titans conspired against Uranus to place Kronos on the celestial throne. Consult a classical mythology for the story.

619-623. "Two hundred and fifty-three houses were on fire at one time, in which a great quantity of wheat and flax were consumed." The houses were burned by order of the Governor as a protection against those who might have escaped, refusing to obey the summons.

621. *Gleeds.* An archaic word of Anglo-Saxon origin meaning glowing coals.

644. *Oblivious slumber.* Sleep that brings forgetfulness.

650. *Day of doom.* Doom is a Saxon word for *judgment.*

657. *Bell or book.* Without ritualistic service. The bell was usually tolled to mark the passage of the soul; by book is meant the ritual.

670. Seven thousand of the inhabitants of Acadia had been dispersed among the several Colonies. One thousand arrived in Massa-

chusetts Bay; four hundred and fifteen reached Philadelphia in a most deplorable condition; large numbers were sent to the southern colonies, whence they tried vainly to return to the land they had been compelled to relinquish.

672. *Banks of Newfoundland.* Dense fogs are characteristic of this region.

674. *Savannas.* Low level plains covered with low vegetation. No specific place is meant, though the Savannah River in Georgia may have suggested the general term.

675. *Father of Waters.* Literal translation of the Indian name, Mississippi.

677. *Bones of the mammoth* or mastodon have been unearthed throughout the valleys of the United States.

705. *Coureurs-des-bois.* Literally, runners of the woods. They were hunters, trappers, and traders, who mingled with the Indians during colonial times. Their life is interestingly presented in Parkman's histories.

707. *Voyageur.* The name usually given to French-Canadians employed by the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies to transport men and supplies from one station to another. The term is hardly appropriate in Louisiana.

713. *Saint Catherine's tresses.* Saint Catherine was celebrated for her vows of virginity. The French proverb, *Elle restera pour coiffer Sainte Katherine* (*She will be left to braid Saint Catherine's tresses*) has reference to one devoted to single life.

733. *O Muse!* An imitation of the conventional address to the Muse of Epic poetry, but here meaning only inspiration.

741. *Beautiful River.* Literal translation of the Indian name Ohio, preserved by La Salle, the first discoverer of the river.

750. *Opelousas.* The section of country near the mouth of the Mississippi. Louisiana, though ceded by the French to Spain in 1762, was still under French influence. Attracted by the French population there, about six hundred and fifty Acadian exiles arrived in New Orleans in the Spring of 1765, and settled later along the river, giving it the name of Acadian Coast, which still adheres to a portion of the banks.

758. *Wimpling.* From *wimple*, a head-covering laid in folds; hence, rippling, like the folds of a wimple.

764. *Golden Coast.* In southern Louisiana below Baton Rouge.

766. *Bayou of Plaquemine.* There is to-day a town, Plaquemine, about one hundred miles north of New Orleans on the Mississippi.

782. *Mimosa.* The sensitive plant.

793. *Corridors.* Here used by poetic extension.

807. *Atchafalaya.* Lost river; an outlet or a continuation of either the Red River or the Mississippi, west of Plaquemine. Scan the line and determine the accent.

821. *Ladder of Jacob.* Compare Genesis xxviii: 12.

856. *Têche.* A stream in southern Louisiana.

878. *Bacchantes.* Revellers who, in classical mythology, were worshipers of Bacchus, the god of the vine, whence the name.

890. *Yule-tide.* A mid-winter festival attended with much ceremony among the primitive Celts of Britain. Later the custom passed into the Christmas festival of the early English, to which the word generally refers.

916. *Kine.* Archaic plural of *cow.*

952. *Adayes.* An old Spanish town near Natchitoches, not existing at the present day. Also spelled *Adaies.*

953. *Ozark Mountains.* Elevations running from the northern borders of Arkansas through Missouri.

956. *The Fates.* More of a proverbial expression than a classical allusion; one's destiny.

961. *Olympus.* A mountain in northern Greece, the fabled home of the gods.

970. *Ci-devant.* A word transferred from the French meaning *former.*

984. *Natchitoches.* A division in northwest Louisiana.

997. *King George.* The expulsion of the Acadians occurred during the reign of George III of England.

1004. *The fever.* The southern low regions have much malaria, causing ague, or chills and fever.

1006. Compare note on line 285.

1009. *Creoles.* A name applied to native-born inhabitants of Louisiana of French or Spanish ancestry.

1033. *Like a silent Carthusian.* The Carthusian order of monks, and nuns, was founded by St. Bruno in 1086 in the valley of Chartreuse, France (whence the name), and was marked by a severe rigidity of rule. Among the rigid vows, that of almost perpetual silence is the most characteristic.

What is the force of the comparison here?

1044. "*Upharsin.*" The last word in the famous "Handwriting on the Wall," signifying destruction. Read the story of Belshazzar's Feast, Daniel v: 1-31.

1063. *Prodigal Son.* Compare Luke xv: 11-32.

1064. *Foolish Virgin.* Compare Matthew xxv: 1-13.

1078. *Far in the West.* The region here described is southern Idaho, a mountainous, desert land.

1082. *Oregon, Walleway, Owyhee.* The name Oregon was formerly applied to what is now the Columbia River, but the reference here is undoubtedly to the Snake branch of the Columbia. The Walleway and the Owyhee are in the same region, tributaries of the Columbia and the Snake.

1083. *Wind-river Mountains.* A part of the Rockies in Wyoming, southeast of the Yellowstone Park, constituting the great continental divide.

1084. *Sweet-water Valley; Nebraska.* Through the Sweet-water Valley in Central Wyoming, flows the Sweet-water River, which becomes the North Platte. The Platte River, formed by the North and South branches, is sometimes called the Nebraska.

1085. *Fontaine-qui-bout.* "The boiling spring," supposed to be a well-known spring in a valley in central Colorado. *Spanish sierras. Sierra* in Spanish signifies *saw.* The name is often applied to our western mountains, because of their craggy, jagged appearance. The Spanish sierras are that part of the Rockies south of Colorado.

1095. *Ishmael's children.* Compare Genesis xvi: 12. What is the force of the figure?

1102. *Anchorite monk.* A recluse. What is the force of the figure here?

1114. *Fata Morgana.* The Italian name for a species of mirage, a phenomenon by which distant objects appear in air near at hand.

1119. *Shawnee.* The Shawnees were a vagrant branch of the great Algonquin stock of American Indians, roaming over southwestern United States.

1120. *Camanches.* A branch of the Shoshonean stock inhabiting the region of North Texas.

1139-1149. These tales are short adaptations of Indian legends given by Schoolcraft in his *Algic Researches.* (See Introduction to *The Song of Hiawatha,* p. 105.)

1159. *Subtle.* Compare *subtile,* and distinguish between the two.

1167. *Black Robe Chief.* An Indian name for the Jesuit missionaries.

1171-1206. This incident of the Jesuit Mission was probably suggested to the poet by Chateaubriand's *Atala,* a tale of the loves of two Indians, Atala and Chactas. The author makes his hero and heroine find help in the time of need at the Mission of Father Aubry, a "Black Robe Chief" who had established a mission in the forest where he taught the Indians a simple form of Christianity.

1213-1214. Compare *The Song of Hiawatha,* Canto xiii, lines 217-227, and consult the note in this volume on that passage (p. 410).

1219. *Compass-flower.* A stout perennial plant of the aster family

bearing a yellow flower, found in the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin. The leaves are said to turn their edges due north and south. When, late in life, Longfellow saw a compass-flower in the Botanical Gardens, he altered his original description here to make it more true to nature, substituting "vigorous plant" for "delicate plant," and "in the houseless wild" instead of "on its fragile stalk."

1226. *Asphodel flowers.* A poetic reference to the Greek idea of "asphodel meadows haunted by the shades of heroes." *Nepenthe.* A potion having power to dispel pain and sorrow.

1233. *Saginaw.* A small stream in eastern Michigan flowing into Saginaw Bay.

1241. *Moravian Missions.* The Moravians are a Christian sect descended from the Bohemian Brethren, a branch of the Hussites. After the Thirty Years' War, their settlements in Moravia were destroyed, and many of them came to the New World. They resemble the Quakers somewhat. Their missions were called Moravian Gnadenhütten—"Tents of Grace."

1253. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, the Quaker Colony.

1256. Many of the streets of Philadelphia bear the names of trees, as for example, Chestnut, Locust, Pine, Spruce, etc.

1257. *Dryads.* In classical mythology, nymphs presiding over woods and trees.

1288. *Sister of Mercy.* This order of nuns, bound by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and devoted to acts of mercy, was founded in Dublin in 1827. The poet is guilty of anachronism here in making Evangeline a Sister of Mercy, unless, of course, he gives her the general attributes without making her one of the order.

1298. *Pestilence.* The yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia in 1793 and was terrible in its ravages. A vivid account of it may be found in Charles Brockden Brown's novel, *Arthur Mervyn.*

1299. "Among the country people, large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostication has ever been verified, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the number of those birds brought to market was immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before." (From Mathew Carey's *A Memoir of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in* 1793.)

1312. Compare Mark xiv: 7

1326. An Episcopal church in Philadelphia where Benjamin Franklin lies buried.

1328. *Wicaco* is a suburb of Philadelphia. The old church of the Swedes, founded 1698, is still standing.

1356. *Angel of Death.* Compare Exodus xii: 21-30.

1381-1399. Compare this passage in detail with the Prelude, lines 1-9, and note the repetitions and changes, and the effect produced by them.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Consult the Glossary of Proper Names at the end of these notes for words not herein explained or commented upon. The text itself usually explains the Indian names of persons and things.

INTRODUCTION

Lines 1–20. The poet fancifully takes refuge behind the legendary Nawadaha for the traditional subject matter of the poem; see the Introduction to the poem on this point.

13. *Land of the Ojibways.* The Ojibway Indians, better known as the Chippeways, a tribe of the Algonquin stock, lived along the southern shore of Lake Superior between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable, a region made remarkable by picturesque sandstone cliffs, waterfalls, and sand-dunes. The Ojibways extended their range westward over northern Minnesota and North Dakota.

14. *Land of the Dacotahs.* The region occupied by a branch of the Siouan stock, the Dacotahs, who resided in the lands drained by the upper Mississippi and westward to the Missouri, the present North and South Dakota.

41. *Vale of Tawasentha.* A valley in Albany County, N. Y., now called Norman's Kill.

60. *Hiawatha.* (Pronounced Hī-à-wą′-thà, preferably, though Longfellow is said to have used Hē-à-wą′-tha; either pronunciation is authorized.) The real Hiawatha was an Onondaga chief of the fifteenth century. See Introduction.

67-115. What is the nature of the poet's appeal to the reader? Analyze the phases. Cf. the personal appeal made in the Prelude to *Evangeline*, ll. 16-19.

I. THE PEACE-PIPE

1. *Mountains of the prairie.* See Glossary, page 157.

2. *Red Pipe-stone Quarry.* A quarry in Pipe-stone County, Minnesota, which received its name from the legend referred to in the text. Mr. George Catlin, the American traveller and student of Indian traditions and customs, is the poet's authority for the legend of the peace-pipe. In his honor, the red pipe-stone is often called catlinite.

3. *Gitche Manito.* The Great Spirit. Manito or Manitou was a spirit or spiritual person, or an object endowed with spiritual power, as a fetish or an amulet. The idea of "Spirit," however, was peculiar in that it demanded embodiment. Hence, Gitche Manito was the personification of a supremely great Indian chief who ruled all the nations. The Jesuit missionaries succeeded in a small degree in infusing into the conception of Gitche Manito the idea of God.

30. *Calumet.* A large tobacco-pipe with a stone bowl and a long reed stem ornamented with eagles' feathers, used by the North American Indians at their conferences. The word is derived from the Latin *calamus, reed.*

43. *Wyoming.* See Glossary, page 421.

44. *Tuscaloosa.* See Glossary, page 421.

60-65. The Indian tribes here mentioned are representative both as to character and geographical home. Consult the Glossary of Proper Names for a specific account of them.

116-123. What parallels are suggested by this promise of the coming of a Prophet? Compare the poet's account of this legend with the prose extract below:

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red—that it was their flesh—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed." (From Catlin's *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians, volume II.*)

II. THE FOUR WINDS

4. *Wampum.* Small shell beads pierced and strung, used as currency and for ornament by the North American Indians. Wampum in the Indian language signifies *white*, but it was of two kinds, white and dark purple. By certain designs woven into belts of wampum, records of compacts, treaties, dates, events, etc., were kept and transmitted to succeeding generations, the old men of the tribes usually being the custodians. Exchange of wampum with the white settlers meant friendly relations.

43. *Hark you, Bear!* The poet took this incident from Heckewelder, who, in his account of the Indian nations describes an Indian

hunter addressing a bear in nearly these same words. When asked how he thought the animal could understand what was said, the hunter answered, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?" Parkman says that an Indian hunter has often been known to address a wounded bear in a long harangue of apology.

127. *Wabun and the Wabun-Annung.* Compare the Greek legend of Perseus and Andromeda.

129. The legend of Kabibonokka and Shingebis is taken from Schoolcraft's *Indian Tales and Legends.* The legend is from the Ojibway-Algonquin, and the translation into prose by Schoolcraft is no less beautiful than the poet's version. Note the beauty of Schoolcraft's verse rendering of the chant of Shingebis:

> "Windy god, I know your plan,
> You are but my fellow man,
> Blow you may your coldest breeze,
> Shingebiss you cannot freeze,
> Sweep the strongest wind you can,
> Shingebiss is still your man,
> Heigh! for life—and ho! for bliss,
> Who so free as Shingebiss?"
>
> (*Oneota*, p. 11.)

242. *Indian Summer.* A period of warm, dry, calm weather in late autumn, attended by a blue, hazy atmosphere. The poetic suggestion here that Indian summer is caused by the sighs of Shawondasee, the South-Wind, is peculiarly appropriate.

243-244. The idea is that he brought the warmth of April ("Moon when nights are brightest") into the drear November ("dreary Moon of Snow-shoes"). The Indian year consisted of thirteen moons each characteristically named according to the season designated. Compare "Moon of Strawberries," "Moon of Leaves," "Moon of Falling Leaves," etc., in the Glossary of Proper Names.

III. HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

64. *Gitche Gumee.* The Ojibway-Algonquin name for Lake Superior —"Big-Sea-water;" from *Gitchee*, great, and *Guma*, a generic term for bodies of water.

87. *Daughter of the Moon.* Note how the explanation of natural phenomena merges into the Indian legend. This is characteristic of primitive peoples.

80. *The Naked Bear.* Heckewelder speaks of this tradition as prev

alent among the Mohicans and Delawares. "Among all the animals that had been formerly in this country, this [the naked bear] was the most ferocious; it was much larger than the largest of the common bears and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) it was naked. . . . The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush, the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

82. *Ewayea!* Schoolcraft interestingly comments:

"To my mind it is a matter of extreme interest to observe how almost identical are the expressions of affection in all states of society, as though these primitive elements admit of no progress, but are perfect in themselves. The E-wa-yea of the Indian mother is entirely analogous to the Lul-la-by of our language.

Wa wa—wa wa—wa we yea,
Nebaun—nebaun—nebaun,
Nedaunis—ais, e we yea,
Wa wa—wa wa—wa wa,
Nedaunis—ais, e we yea.

Swinging, swinging, lullaby,
Sleep thou, sleep thou, sleep thou,
Little daughter, lullaby.
Swinging, swinging, swinging,
Little daughter, lullaby."

(The original meter is preserved in the literal translation.)

90. *The Death-Dance of the Spirits.* Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights.

94. *The broad, white road in heaven.* The Milky Way.

103-104. *Minne-wawa! Mudway-aushka!* An illustration of natural onomatopœia. Compare *Wahonowin.*

105-116. "In the hot summer evenings, the children of the Chippewa-Algonquins, along the shores of the upper lakes, and in the northern latitudes frequently assemble before their parents' lodges, and amuse themselves by little chants of various kinds, with shouts and wild dancing. Attracted by such shouts of merriment and gambols, I walked out one evening to a green lawn skirting the edge of the St. Mary's river, to get hold of the meaning of some of these chants. The air and the plain were literally sparkling with the phosphorescent light of the fire-fly. By dint of attention, the following succession of words was caught:

Wau wau tay see!
Wau wau tay see!
E mow e shin
Tshe bwau ne baun-e wee!
Wa wau tay see!
Wa wau tay see!
Was sa koon ain je gun
Was sa koon ain je gun.

Compare the literal translation:

Flitting-white-fire-insect! Waving white-fire-bug give me light before I go to bed! Give me light before I go to sleep! Come, little dancing-white-fire-bug! Come little flitting-white-fire-beast! Light me with your bright white-flame-instrument—your little candle."
—(Schoolcraft: *Oneota*, p. 61.)

Note how closely Longfellow has followed his original.

159. *Iagoo.* In Schoolcraft's *Hiawatha Legends* the stories of Iagoo suggest the travels of Sir John Mandeville, or of the more recent Baron Munchausen.

169-172. As soon as the Indian boy was strong enough to wield a bow, he was sent alone into the forest to try his skill.

228. The Indian women were particularly skillful in the dressing of skins.

IV. HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

70. From the geographical references here note the scope of Hiawatha's journey.

219-227. Hiawatha's mission as here indicated is thoroughly in keeping with the legendary character of his prototype, Manabozho, as preserved by Algonquin tradition.

239-244. "The northern Indians are in the habit of making frequent allusions to Manabozho and his exploits. 'There,' said a young Chippewa, pointing to some huge boulders of greenstone, 'are pieces of the rock broken off in Manabozho's contest with his father. This is the duck that Manabozho kicked. Under that rock Manabozho lost a beaver.' " (Schoolcraft.)

257. *Minnehaha.* The name given by the Sioux Indians to the "Little Falls," forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and St. Anthony. The word means "Laughing Waters." The incongruity of having a hero with an Iroquois name, a heroine with a Sioux name, and basing the story on

Ojibway-Algonquin legends, has been pointed out; but what would be the poet's answer to such criticism?

261-265. The shaping and polishing of arrow-heads from these very hard stones was an art known and practiced by a very few, whose fame brought hunters and warriors from far and wide for the works of their skill.

V. HIAWATHA'S FASTING

1-8. In history and literature, what other prophets have retired for prayer and fasting "for the profit of the people?"

9-15. Thatcher, in his *Traits of the Indians*, speaks of the curious custom known as the "initiation of boys." The boy was taken to the woods and shut up close, day and night, for some weeks, in a kind of pen so constructed as to admit the air freely. No food was permitted, only a drink made from certain herbs and roots. This perhaps had an intoxicating quality, but at all events the effect of the whole process was to render the patient stark staring mad for the time. The visions and hallucinations of this time were construed as divine revelations and were supposed to have a great effect on the future character of the youth.

41. *These things.* Note here and following the poetic suggestion of a spiritual element in Hiawatha's question. Is this consistent with Indian character?

84. *Mondamin.* "They esteem it so important and divine a grain that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Ojibway-Algonquins, who call it Mondamin, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel, is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, on coming to manhood." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

Schoolcraft calls this the Cereal Allegory of the West, and says that the Indian is here taught that transformation can be effected only by labor and perseverance. The Indian character, however, is not in keeping with the lesson.

VI. HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

The group of friends, Iagoo, Chibiabos, Kwasind, and Hiawatha, represents in a striking way history and story-telling, music and poetry, perfect physical manhood, and prophetic guidance to a higher civilization.

15. *With naked hearts.* What is the meaning of this expression?

34. What classic legend is suggested by the quality and power of Chibiabos's music?

84. *His Manito.* Manito, or as the Chippewas pronounce it, *Monedo*, signifies simply a spirit. When applied to the great ruling spirits of good and evil, some adjective or qualifying particle is added to the word. Each Indian had his own individual Manito, selected usually at the period of the fast of virility. (See note on v, 9-15.) The animals that appear propitiously to the mind during the dreams and visions incident to the occasion, are fixed on and selected as personal Manitos, and are ever afterward viewed as guardians. Manito is sometimes connected with Totem (q. v.).

107. The character of Kwasind in Algonquin mythology is reminiscent of Samson in Bible story. Compare the stories of their achievements.

VII. HIAWATHA'S SAILING

1. *Birch-tree.* Thatcher, in his *Indian Traits*, writes: "The tribes of the northern lakes build their canoes wholly of birch bark, with a little soft wood and pine gum, or boiled pitch, without a nail or bit of metal of any kind to confine the parts. The entire outside is bark. Where the edges of it come together at the bottom or along the sides they are sewed very closely with a sort of vegetable thread called 'wattap,' made of roots, and the seam is plastered over with gum."

49. *Larch-tree.* The roots of the larch-tree usually furnished the "wattap" mentioned above.

139-140. *Pauwating, Taquamenaw.* Sault Sainte Marie and Tahquamenon of the modern map of North Michigan. The references fix definitely the local setting of these legends.

VIII. HIAWATHA'S FISHING

114-193. Compare this incident with the celebrated Biblical story of which it is reminiscent.

154. *Tail-in-air.* The word "squirrel" is said to be derived from a word meaning "to sit in the shadow of its tail." (From Trench *On Words.*)

215. *The Night-sun.* Force of this epithet?

IX. HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL FEATHER

The conflict of Hiawatha and Megissogwon has its parallel in the fight of Beowulf and the Monsters in the Anglo Saxon epic, *Beowulf.* There are many points of resemblance in the local setting.

127. *Fared.* Compare the various forms and meanings of this word.

184. *War-birds.* A poetic compound for ravens or other birds of prey. What is suggested by the word?

247. The Indians often connect their achievements in this way with some animal supposed to have benign influence. This idea is associated with the ideas of Manito and Totem.

X. HIAWATHA'S WOOING

90. *Plaiting Mats.* Beautiful mats woven from grasses and rushes and stained with bright colors from native dyes were produced by the more skilled among the Indian women.

139. *Spacious was the wigwam.* The wigwam consisted commonly of a rough, conical framework of poles stuck into the ground and converging above, covered with bark, matting, or tanned hides, with an aperture at the top for the exit of the smoke. A "spacious wigwam" was large enough for a dozen Indians to sit comfortably in a rough circle around the center fire.

141-2. *Gods . . . painted on its curtains.* The smooth side of the skins was often painted with crude pictures representing the great spirits. Cf. "*The Song of Hiawatha,*" xiv, *Picture Writing,* lines 46–58.

XI. HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

2. *Yenadizze.* Not a family name, but a general term for an idler, fop, or dandy. He was tolerated in every tribe for the merriment he could cause, and was a necessary part of the tribal festivities.

13. *Feast.* Parkman in the Introduction to his *Jesuits in North America* gives an interesting account of an Indian feast.

32. *Pemican and buffalo marrow.* Strips of venison dried, pounded into a paste flavored with aromatic berries, seasoned with buffalo oil or marrow, and pressed into cakes, constituted one of the most common food preparations of the North American Indian. Buffalo marrow was used very much as butter is among the civilized.

39. The hosts never ate with their guests but devoted themselves wholly to serving them.

50. *Merry dances.* "Dancing is both an amusement and a religious observance among the American Indians. Everyone has heard of the war dance, the medicine dance, the wabeno dance, the dance of honor (generally called the Beggar's Dance), and various others, each of which has its appropriate movements, its air, and its words. There is no

feast, no religious ceremony, among them, which is not attended with dancing and songs." (Schoolcraft's *Oneota.*)

60. *Sports and pastimes.* The sports mentioned here are characteristic games described by Schoolcraft and Parkman. Quoits was played by pitching two circular metal disks with a hole in the center the object being "to ring" the disks on a metal pin. The game has a parallel in the throwing of the discus by the Greek athlete. Pugasaing was the principal game of hazard, played by throwing thirteen counters from a wooden bowl, the position of the counters determining the value of the points made. A very graphic description of the game is found in this poem, xvi. *Pau-Puk-Keewis,* based on Schoolcraft's accurate account.

118. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.* The legends fancifully attribute the origin of the great sand-dunes of Lake Superior to the wild dances of Pau-Puk-Keewis. "The basin and bed of the lake act as a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down, till the softer ones, such as the sand-stones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths till dried by the sun. The winds now take it up and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great Sand Dunes of the Grand Sables." (Schoolcraft.)

These dunes are often three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a sign of vegetation.

141-176. *Onaway!* This beautiful rhapsody is a metrical version of a literal translation of an Indian Serenade, taken from the correspondence of a western traveller, and published in Littell's *Living Age,* April, 1850. A close comparison of the poet's version with the following literal translation will show how little is gained aside from the verse form.

Indian Serenade

"Awake! flower of the forest—beautiful bird of the prairie.
"Awake! awake! thou with the eyes of the fawn.
"When you look at me I am happy; like the flowers when they feel the dew.
"The breath of thy mouth is sweet as the fragrance of the flowers in the morning; sweet as their fragrance at evening in the moon of the fading leaf.
"Does not the blood of my veins spring towards thee, like the bubbling springs to the sun—in the moon of the brightest nights?
"My heart sings to thee when thou art near, like the dancing branches to the wind, in the moon of strawberries.

"When thou art not pleased, my beloved, my heart is darkened like the shining river when shadows fall from the clouds above.
"Thy smiles cause my troubled heart to be brightened, as the sun makes to look like gold the ripple which the cold wind has created.
Myself! behold me!—blood of my beating heart.
"The earth smiles—the waters smile—the heavens smile, but I—I lose the way of smiling when thou art not near—Awake, awake! my beloved."

The original is in a mixture of the Ottawa and Ojibway dialects. The letter containing it and the translation is dated at La Pointe, Wisconsin Territory, Lake Superior; the name of the writer remains unknown.

231. The telling of tales is one of the chief amusements among the Indians, particularly in the winter. Schoolcraft discovered the following maxim: "Do not tell a story in the summer; if you do the toads will visit you."

XII. THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

3. *The Red Swan.* The tradition of the Red Swan is one of the most interesting of the Indian legends preserved by Schoolcraft in his *Algic Researches.* Three brothers were one day hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game. They agreed to kill only the animal each was in the habit of killing. Ojibwa the youngest had not gone far before he met a bear, and, contrary to the agreement, he killed it and was beginning to skin it when suddenly something red began to tinge the air all around him. A strange noise was heard like the sound of a human voice. Following this, he discovered in the lake a most beautiful Red Swan. He shot arrow after arrow until his quiver was empty, but the bird remained heedless of the attempts on its life. Ojibwa then remembered that in his deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows, which, under any other circumstances, it would have been the greatest sacrilege to take. Securing the arrows, he ran hastily back to the lake and found the swan still there. The third arrow, aimed with great precision, passed through the neck of the swan. The wounded bird flew away, rising gradually and flying off toward the sinking sun. The youth followed it, and after many adventures, found that the swan was the beautiful daughter of a magician; he afterwards won her for his bride by doing a service for her father. (Abridged from Schoolcraft.)

30-317. The poet has taken the story as Schoolcraft gave it, elaborating only as his purpose required.

"This is a neat allegory and has a new interest in the association it gives to the name of Michilimackinac, or Mackinac, that island of the Lakes so picturesque, so full of romantic tradition, so marked by freaks of nature." (Schoolcraft.)

290. *On an island, green and grassy.* Mackinac Island, situated in the Mackinac Straits, the channel connecting Lake Michigan with Lake Huron.

306-307. *Little People, the Puk-Wudjies.* Literally, "Little men who vanish." The Indians spoke of them as Manito's spirits, of a fairy character.

340-367. This song is a metrical version of an original Ojibway song given in Schoolcraft's *Oneota*. The circumstances have a historical basis connected with the bringing of a body of Indians under General Montcalm into the valley of the Lower St. Lawrence, in 1759. In one of the canoes that came from Lake Superior, was a Chippewa girl called Paig-wain-e-osh-e, or the White Eagle. Left at the lake of Two Mountains while the warriors proceeded further, she formed an attachment for a young Algonquin belonging to the French mission of the Two Mountains. The attachment was mutual. When the time came for parting, the girl poured out her soul in a song of which the following is a literal translation:

'Ah me! When I think of him—when I think of him—my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
"As I embarked to return, he put the white wampum around my neck—a pledge of truth, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
"I shall go with you, he said, to your native country—I shall go with you, my sweetheart—my Algonquin.
"Alas! I replied—my native country is far, far away—My sweetheart, my Algonquin.
"When I looked back again—where we parted, he was still looking after me, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
'He was still standing on a fallen tree—that had fallen into the water, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
"Alas! when I think of him—when I think of him—it is when I think of him, my Algonquin."

XIII. BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

25-31. "It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still uncolonized tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the

onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogatives, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge-guests." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

36-65. "A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom which was related to me respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or over clouded evening, to perform a secret circuit, *sans habilement* around the field. For this purpose she slipt out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then taking her *matchecota*, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to ensure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

153. *Prisoner-string.* A cord made of the bark of the elm-tree boiled and then immersed in cold water. These strings were used in war for the purpose of securing prisoners temporarily until disposed of by the chief.

198-203. "Corn-gathering and husking is a season of decided thankfulness and merriment. At these gatherings the chiefs and old men are mere spectators, although they are pleased spectators, the young only sharing in the sport. Who has not seen the sedate ogema in such a vicinage, smoking a dignified pipe with senatorial ease?" (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

210-227. "If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked* and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar and *Wagemin* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot.

The term wagemin is derived from the tri-literal term *Waweau*, that which is bent or crooked, and *min*, a grain or berry. The ear of corn called *Wagemin* is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*, literally, he who walks; the ideas conveyed by it are, he who walks at night to pilfer corn." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

The word appears in an old Algonquin corn song:

Wagemin! wagemin!
Thief in the blade,
Blight of the cornfield,
Paimosaid.

XIV. PICTURE-WRITING

7-8-10. *Medas, Wabenos, Jossakeeds.* Medicine-men, magicians, prophets. The three names represent the three grades of the priestly order among the Algonquins, the last being the highest. Admission to the priestly orders was accompanied by the most trying ordeals, and the secrets were guarded by most terrible oaths and the severest penalties.

23. *Totem.* "By this device the early missionaries observed that the natives marked their division of a tribe into clans, and the distinction was thus very clearly preserved. Affinities were denoted and kept up, long after tradition had failed in its testimony. This distinction was seen to mark the arms, the lodge, and the trophies of the chief and warrior. It was likewise employed to give identity to the clan of which he was a member, on his *adjedateg*, or grave-post.

"At the mouth of a small river on the banks of Lake Superior, there was an Indian grave fenced around with saplings and protected with much care. At its head stood a post, or tabular stick, upon which was drawn the figure of the animal which was the symbol of the clan to which the deceased chief belonged." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

55. *The great serpent.* The idea of depicting the Spirit of Evil as a serpent is in keeping with the Indian legend that he was created out of the leavings and cast away things of the Creator, helped out with the ravenous and venomous creatures of the sea and land.

123-129. "The practice of the North American tribes of drawing figures and pictures on skins, trees, and various other substances, has been noticed by travellers and writers from the earliest times, but it has not been suspected that there was a pictorial alphabet, or a series of figures by means of which acts as well as objects of action were denoted; or that the most prominent incidents of life and death could be recorded so as to be transmitted from one generation to another. Above all, it was not anticipated that there should have been found a system of symbolic notation for the songs and incantations of the Indian medas and priests, making an appeal to the memory for the preservation of language. . . Picture-writing is the only graphic mode of communicating all classes of ideas commonly entertained by them,—such as their ideas of war, of hunting, of religion, and of magic and necromancy." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

Schoolcraft, in his account of the Indian picture-writing, gives some excellent illustrations of the scope of the system together with some drawings and interpretations.

XV. HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATIONS

63–86. Compare Milton's *Lycidas*, lines 132–151.

91. *Sacred Lodge.* "The doctor often consulted the spirits to learn the cause and cure of the disease by a method peculiar to that family of tribes. He shut himself in a small conical lodge, and the spirits here visited him, manifesting their presence by a violent shaking of the whole structure." (Parkman.)

113. *Mystic Songs.* "The priests and prophets have, more than any other class, cultivated their national songs and dances, and may be regarded as the skalds and poets of the tribes. They are generally the composers of the songs, and the leaders in the dance and ceremonies, and it is found that their memories are the best stored, not only with the sacred songs and chants, but also with the traditions and general lore of the tribes." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota.*)

155-208. The poet has here made great use of the popular idea among the Indian tribes that the priests have control over the spirits of the dead.

192-193. *Lake of Silver, Stone Canoe.* These ideas correspond to the River Styx and Charón's Boat in classical mythology. Look up the latter in a classical dictionary or in Bullfinch's *Age of Fable*, and compare.

In his *Tales of a Wigwam*, Schoolcraft gives a beautiful legend involving these ideas, entitled "The White Stone Canoe."

XVI. PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

28. *Ojeeg.* The Fisher Weasel. According to the legend here given, the name was associated with a group of stars in the northern hemisphere, called by the Ojibways Ojeeg Annung, or the Fisher Stars. The constellation is now made identical with the Plough.

65. *Game of Bowl and Counters.* Pugasaing. This was the principal game of hazard among the northern tribes. It was played with thirteen pieces, hustled in a kind of wooden bowl called *onagon.* The pieces were made of bone and brass, and were shaped rudely according to the name they bore. The thirteen pieces are as follows:

Ininewug—two wedge shaped men.
Gitshee Kenabik—two great serpents.
Pugamāgun—one war club.
Keego—one fish.
Ozawābiks—four circular pieces.
Shesheebwug—three ducks.

The pieces were thrown from the bowl in a manner similar to dice, ıd the counts were made from the position of the men according to ell-defined rules governing the game. The game was very fascinating) some tribes of the Indians. They staked at it their ornaments, eapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact that they possessed; ıd have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, ıd even to forfeit their own liberty. Among the persons who played ıe most were those who bore the name Yenadizze-wug, that is, wander- s about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed ith the popular games of amusement by which skill and dexterity ere acquired. It was strictly a game of hazard, and fascinated as does ıy gambling game. (Adapted from Schoolcraft.)

210. *Silly.* Used here in the archaic sense of innocent, guileless, ıppy, simple, etc.

XVII. THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

The legend here given suggests a crude belief in transmigration, not, owever, similar to the East Indian doctrine.

Pau-Puk-Keewis has a parallel in the mischief-making spirit Loki, the Norse mythology.

293. *The Pictured Rocks.* This remarkable formation may be de- ribed as a series of sandstone bluffs three hundred feet in height, ınning along the southern shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, sing vertically out of the water with scarcely any beach at the base. here are two features that make the scenery unique: first, the curious anner in which the cliffs have been excavated by the action of the rf; and second, the equally curious manner in which the surface ıs been colored by bands of brilliant hues. The term *Pictured Rocks* an old one, evidently connecting the impressions of the early western avellers with the novel distribution of colors on the surface rather an with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs have en worn. (Adapted from Foster and Whitney's *Report on the ology of the Lake Superior District.*)

319. *Thunder Mountains.* Attempt has been made to connect ese with the elevations on the Canadian shore of Lake Superior in the inity of Thunder Bay, but since the storms usually come from the st, the "distant Thunder Mountains" may mean merely the western ountains.

XVIII. THE DEATH OF KWASIND

328. *Wondrous strength.* The reference to the seat of Kwasind's

strength is reminiscent of Samson. Cf. Judges xvi: 17. The Greek hero Achilles likewise had but one vulnerable spot.

35-42. Balder, son of the Norse god Odin, could be harmed only by the mistletoe. The similarity of such legends among primitive peoples the world over is a curious fact worthy of investigation.

XIX. THE GHOSTS

2. *Quarry.* A hunted bird or beast. The word in this sense is now used only poetically.

140. *Rights of guest and stranger.* The laws of hospitality were held peculiarly sacred among the North American Indians. So sacred were they that friends and enemies were treated alike in the courtesies of the lodge and the fireside.

195-204. "Some of the northern tribes of Algonquin origin build a small fire on newly made graves for four nights after the interment. This was an ancient custom. The reason assigned is, that there is a journey of four days to the land of spirits, and if this symbolic fire be made, the disembodied soul is saved the necessity of kindling a fire at its nightly encampments." (Schoolcraft in *Oneota*).

XX. THE FAMINE

62-68. Such a prayer is too idealized to be in keeping with Indian character.

156. In accordance with the revelation Hiawatha had in the preceding section.

XXI. THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

172. *Great Canoe with pinions.* Compare "great canoes of thunder," line 221. What is the meaning?

185-230. There are traditions among the North and Central American tribes of a belief, current long before the white settlement of America, that a white race was to come to the land. The attribution of this prophecy to Hiawatha is not, therefore, unwarranted.

202. *The White-man's Foot.* The plantain is believed to have been introduced from Europe, and to have spread westward as the white settlers advanced. The leaf of the plant strongly suggests a foot in shape. Hence the name.

XXII. HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

59. *Black-Robe Chief.* The Indian name for a Jesuit missionary.
128-152. Father Marquette and his fellow missionaries visited the lgonquins in 1673 teaching Christianity among them. The Indians ceived them with honor and every possible courtesy.
203-247. The passage giving Hiawatha's departure may have been ggested by Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur." At any rate, there are oints of remarkable similarity and each poem is none the worse for eing compared with the other. Read Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" r, better still, his "Passing of Arthur" in *The Idylls of the King* as a asis for comparison.

GLOSSARY OF PROPER NAMES IN "HIAWATHA"

The pronunciation and accent given are in accordance with the demands of the meter of the poem, and have been verified by the best uthorities.

Ad-jĭ-dąu'-mō, the red squirrel.
Ah-dēēk', the reindeer.
Ah-kō-se'-win, the fever.
Ah-mēēk', the King of Beavers.
Ah'-mō, the bee, ("stinging fly.")
Ăl-gŏn'-quin (Ăl-gon'-kin), the general name of a stock of American Indians including about twenty-five tribes, inhabiting the region bout the St. Lawrence.
Ăn-nĕ-mēē'-kee, the thunder.
A-pŭk'-wȧ, the bulrush.

Bȧ-im-wą'-wą, the sound of thunder.
Bē-mäh'-gųt, the grape-vine.
Bē'-nȧ, the pheasant.
Big-Sea-Water, the Indian name for Lake Superior.
Black-feet, a tribe of North American Indians belonging to the lgonquin stock, living originally along the upper Missouri.
Black-Robe chief, the Indian name for the Roman Catholic missionaries.
Bū-kȧ-dȧ'-win, the Famine.

Cȧ-măn'-ches, (Cō-man'-ches), a tribe of North American Indians longing to the Shoshonean stock, originally inhabiting north Texas.
Chēē-mąun', a canoe of birch bark.
Chĕt'-ō-wāik, the plover.

Chĭ-bĭ-ȧ′-bōs, a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.

Chŏc′-tąws, a tribe of North American Indians belonging to the Muskhogean stock, originally living between the Mobile and Mississippi Rivers.

Crows, a tribe of the Siouan stock, originally inhabiting the Yellowstone region, now living on the reservation in Montana.

Dȧ-cō′-tahs, (Dȧ-kō′-tas), a tribe of the Siouan stock of North American Indians, originally living along the upper Mississippi.

Dȧ-hin′-dȧ, the bull-frog.

Dead-Man's-Moccasin-Leather, the Indian name of a fungus growth found in the forests, probably the ordinary toad-stool as well as the parasite growth found on trees.

Death Dance of the Spirits, the Indian name for the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights.

Del′-a-wares, a tribe of North American Indians of the Algonquin stock, originally living in the region drained by the Delaware River.

Dūsh-kwō-nē′-shē, the dragon-fly.

Ē′sȧ, an Indian exclamation, "Shame upon you."

Ēs-cō-nąʹ-bȧ, (Es-că-nąʹ-bȧ), a river in northern Michigan emptying into Green Bay.

Evening Star, Venus.

Ē-wąʹ-yeā′, a lullaby.

Face-in-a-Mist, nephew of Iagoo.

Foxes, a tribe of North American Indians of the Algonquin stock, closely connected with the Sacs, living originally along the Sac River in Wisconsin northward as far as Lake Superior.

Gēē′-zis, Ghēē′-zis, the great sun.

Gĭt′-chē-Gū′-mēē, Lake Superior, Big-Sea-Water.

Gĭt-chē Măn′-i-tō, the Chief Spirit; the Master of Life.

Great Bear of the Mountains, the Indian name for bugbear.

Gūsh-kē-wąu′, the darkness.

Hï-ąu-hąʹ, an Indian exclamation, "Ho! ho!"

Hī-ą-wąʹ-thȧ, the Wise Man; the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.

Hū′-rons, a tribe of North American Indians of the Iroquoian stock, living originally between Lake Ontario and Lake Huron.

I-ä′-gōō, a great boaster and story-teller; friend of Nokomis.

I-nin′-ē-wūg, wedge men; the name of two counters, ("men"), used in the Indian Game of the Bowl.

Ish-kōō-dăh′, fire; a comet.

Jēē′-bĭ, a ghost; a spirit; shade of the departed.
Jŏs′s-ȧ-kēēd, a prophet.

Kȧ′-bē-yŭn, the West-Wind.
Kȧ-bĭb-ō-nōk′-kȧ, the North-Wind.
Kägh, the hedgehog.
Kä′-gō, a strong negative, "Do not touch it."
Käh-gäh′-gēē, the raven; King of ravens.
Käw, a strong exclamation, "Not so! It cannot be!"
Kä-wēēn′, an exclamation stronger than Kaw, "No indeed!"
Kāy-ŏshk′, the sea-gull.
Kēē′-gō, a fish.
Kēē-wāy′-din, the Northwest-Wind; the Home Wind.
Kĕn-ạ′-bēēk, a serpent; the name of two counters, ("men"), in the Indian Game of the Bowl. See Pugasaing.
Kĕn-eū′, a great war-eagle.
Kĕn-ō′-zhȧ, the pickerel.
Kō-kō-kō′-hō, the owl.
Kụn-tȧs-sōō′, the Game of Plum-stones; played in a manner similar to Pugasaing, with the difference that plum-stones are used instead of shaped "men."
Kwä′-sind, the Strong Man; friend of Hiawatha.
Kwō-nē′-shē, (Dŭsh-kwō-nē′-shē), the dragon-fly.

Lake of Silver, the lake over which, according to Indian superstition, pass the departed souls in their journey to the other world.
Lily of the Prairie, Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis and mother of Hiawatha.
Little People, pygmies; Indian fairy folk.
Loon′-Heart, an appellation of praise, used of Hiawatha.

Mạhn-ȧh-bē′-zee, the swan.
Mạhng, the loon.
Mahn-gō-tāy′-see, loon-hearted; brave.
Mahn-ō-mō′-nee, the wild rice.
Mä′-ma, the woodpecker.
Măn′-dăns, a tribe of North American Indians belonging to the Siouan stock, living originally along the upper Missouri.
Măn′-i-tō, a spirit; a guardian spirit; any spirit, whether good or evil.
Măs-kĕn-ō′-zhȧ, the pike.
Maṣter of Life, Gitche Manito, the Indians' Chief Spirit.
Mē′-dȧ, a medicine-man; a conjurer.

Mē-dä'-min, knowledge of simples; the art of healing and conjuring.

Mēēn-äh'-gȧh, the blueberry.

Meg-ĭs-sŏg'-won, Pearl-Feather, a great magician, and the Manito of Wealth.

Mēsh-ĭ-nąu'-wȧ, an attendant; a pipe-bearer.

Mĭn-jē-käh'-wŭn, Hiawatha's magic mittens.

Mĭn-nē-hȧ'-hȧ, Laughing Water, the wife of Hiawatha.—A waterfall on a little stream emptying into the Mississippi River between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.

Mĭn-nē-wą'-wą, the moaning sound of the wind in the pine trees.

Mĭsh'-ē Mōk'-wȧ, the Great Bear.

Mĭsh'-ę Näh'-mȧ, the Great Sturgeon, King of Fishes.

Mĭs-kō-dēēd', the Spring Beauty, (*Claytonia Virginica*), the earliest of our wild-flowers.

Mississippi, the Father of Waters.

Mĭt'-chē Măn'-ĭ-tō, the Spirit of Evil, opposed to Gitche Manito.

Mō'-hąwks, a tribe of North American Indians of the Iroquoian stock, originally living in eastern New York.

Mŏn-dä'-min, Indian maize, "the friend of man"; the Spirit's grain or berry.

Moon of Bright Nights, April.

Moon of Falling Leaves, September.

Moon of Leaves, May.

Moon of Snow-Shoes, November.

Moon of Strawberries, June.

Mountains of the Prairie, Missouri Coteau, an elevated region in North Dacotah at the source of the Blue Earth River.

Mŭd-jē-kēē-'wĭs, the West Wind, father of Hiawatha.

Mŭd-wāy-ąush'kȧ, the splashing sound of waves on the shore.

Mŭsh-kō-dä'-sȧ, the grouse.

Mus'-kō-dāy, the meadow.

Nä'-gōw Wŭd'-jō, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.

Näh'-mȧ, the sturgeon.

Naked Bear, the Great Bear of the Mountains, the Indian "bugbear."

Nä-wä-dä'-hȧ, the musician, poet, minstrel; a friend of Hiawatha.

Nēē-bä-nąw'-bāigs, the spirits of the water.

Nē-nē-moo'-shȧ, sweetheart.

Nē-päh'-wĭn, Spirit of Sleep.

Nōh-mä'-wŭsk, the spearmint.

Nō-kō'-mĭs, a grandmother; the mother of Wenonah and the grandmother of Hiawatha.

Nō′-sȧ, my father.

Nūsh′-kȧ, a strong exclamation, "Look! look!"

Ō-däh′-mĭn, the strawberry.

Ō-jēēg′, the Fisher Weasel; the Summer-Maker.

Ō-jĭb′-wāys, a tribe of the Algonquin stock of North American Indians, better known as the Chippeways, living originally in the Lake Superior region.

Ō-kȧ-hä′-wĭs, the herring.

Old Man of the Mountains, the chief mountain spirit, the Manito of Mountains.

Ō′-mȧ-häs, a branch of the great Siouan stock of North American Indians originally living in the Elkhorn River region.

Ō-mē′-mē, the pigeon.

Ō-na′-gŏn, a bowl; the bowl used in the Indian Game of the Bowl. See Pugasaing.

Ōn-ȧ-wāy′, an exclamation, "Awake!"

Ō-pē′-chēē. the robin.

Ōs-sē′-ō, Son of the Evening Star.

Ō-wāis′-sȧ, the bluebird.

Ō-wēē′-nēē, wife of Osseo.

Ō-zȧ-wą′-bēēk, the name of four round pieces of copper or brass used as counters ("men"), in the Indian Game of the Bowl. See Pugasaing.

Päh-pŭk-kēē′-nȧ, the grasshopper.

Pāim-ō-sāid′, a thief of cornfields; the blight of a corn-ear.

Pąu-gŭk, Death.

Pąu-Pŭk-Kēē′-wĭs, a handsome youth; the Storm Fool who danced at Hiawatha's wedding-feast; the Mischief-Maker finally killed by Hiawatha.

Pąu-wā′-ting, the Indian name of Sault Sainte Marie, the river forming the international canal between Lake Superior and Lake Huron.

Pąw-nēēs′, a branch of the Caddoan stock of North American Indians, living originally in the Arkansas valley.

Pearl Feather, a great magician ;the Manito of wealth and wampum

Pē′-bō-ȧn, Winter; the Spirit of Winter.

Pem′-ĭ-căn, (also spelled **Pem′-mi-can**), strips of venison dried, pounded into paste with fat and aromatic berries, and pressed into cakes: prepared and used extensively by the North American Indians for food.

Pēz-hē-kēē′, the bison.

Pictured Rocks, a series of sandstone cliffs, three hundred feet in height, stretching for five miles along the shore of Lake Superior about fifty miles east of Marquette in Northern Michigan.

Pĭsh-nē-kụh′, the brant, a species of wild goose breeding in the Arctic regions and coming southward in the autumn.

Pō-nē′-mȧh, the land of the Hereafter.

Pū-gȧ-sāing′, the name of the Indian Game of the Bowl. Cf. note on line 65, *Pau-Puk-Keewis*.

Pūg-gȧ-wạu′-gŭn, a war club; the name of a counter, ("man"), in the Game of the Bowl. See Pugasaing.

Pŭk-wạ′-nȧ, the smoke of the Peace-Pipe.

Pŭk-Wŭd′-jĭes, Little People; pygmies; Indian fairy folk.

Red Pipe-Stone Quarry, a quarry in southern Minnesota famous for its yield of the red pipe-clay used by the Indians for making pipes.

Säh-säh-jē′-wŭn, rapids.

Säh′-wȧ, the yellow perch.

Sē-bō-wĭsh′-ȧ, the brook or rivulet.

Sĕg-wŭn′, Spring; the Spirit of Spring.

Shä-dȧ, the pelican.

Shä-bō′-min, the gooseberry.

Shäh-shäh, long ago.

Shäu-gō-dä′-yȧ, a coward.

Shạw-ga-shēē′, the craw-fish.

Shạ-wŏn-dạ′-sēē, the South-Wind.

Shạw-Shạw, the swallow.

Shĕsh′-ĕb-wŭg, a duckling; the name of three counters, ("men"), in the Indian Game of the Bowl. See Pugasaing.

Shĭn-ge′-bĭs, the diver or grebe, a species of diving bird.

Shō-shō′-nies, one of the great stocks of North American Indians living in the Great Basin.

Shō-wāin′-nē-mē′-shĭn, a strong exclamation, "Pity me!"

Shụh-shụh-gȧh, the blue heron.

Sōan-gē-tä′-hȧ, strong-hearted; an appellation of praise used of Hiawatha.

Stone Canoe, the boat which, according to Indian superstition, carried the departed souls across the Silver Lake to the land of the Hereafter.

Sụb-bē-kä′-shē, the spider.

Sŭg-gē′-mȧ, the mosquito.

Tail-in-the-Air, literal translation of the Indian name for squirrel.

Tăm′-ăr-ăck, the larch tree.

Tä-quä-mē′-nạw, a river and bay in northeastern Michigan.

Tä-wä-sĕn′-thȧ, a valley in Albany County, New York, now called Norman's Kill.

Thunder Mountains, elevations on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Totem, an ancestral sign of descent, corresponding to the coat-of-arms.

Tŭs-cà-lōō′-sà, a river and valley of western Alabama named from the Black Warrior and better known by that name.

Ūgh, yes; Indian grunt of satisfaction.

Ū-gūd-wąsh′, the sunfish.

Ųnk-tą-hēē′, the God of Water.

Wą-băs′-so, the rabbit; the land of the North.

Wą-bē′-nō, a magician; a juggler; a conjurer.

Wą-bē′-nō-wŭsk, yarrow, an herb with a pungent odor and taste used by the medicine-men in their healing and conjuring

Wą-bŭn, the East-Wind.

Wą-bun An′-nŭng, the star of the East; the Morning Star.

Wą-gē′-mĭn, the thief of corn-fields; the blight of a corn-ear. Cf. *Paimosaid.*

Wą-hō-nō′-wĭn, a cry of lamentation; moaning.

Wąh-wąh-tāy′-see, the firefly.

Wąm′-pŭm, beads of shell, used by the American Indians as currency, and worn as necklaces, bracelets, belts, scabbards, etc.; woven into patterns that could be translated, wampum also served as a means for preserving dates, events, treaties, etc., for future reference.

Wąu-bē-wȳ′-ŏn, a white skin wrapper.

Wą′-wą, the wildgoose.

Wąw-bēēk, the black rock, dreaded by Mudjekeewis.

Wąw-bē-wą′-wą, the white goose.

Wā-wŏn-ăis′-sa, the whippoorwill.

Wāy-hà-wāy′, an exclamation, signifying "good cheer!"

Wāy-mŭk-kwä′-nà, the caterpillar.

Wāy-wąs′-sĭ-mō, the lightning.

Wĕn′-dĭ-gōes, the giants.

Wē-nō′-nąh, daughter of Nokomis and mother of Hiawatha.

White-man's-Foot, (called also *Englishman's Foot*), the common plantain, so called by the American Indians because its introduction by the white settlers marked the advance of English civilization. The leaf of the plant suggests a foot in shape.

Wȳ-ō′-mĭng, a valley in northern Pennsylvania made memorable by the massacre of 1778.

Yĕn-a-dĭz′-zė, a fop; a lazy trifler; a term of reproach applied to Pau-Puk-Keewis.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Line 1. *Old Colony days.* The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, on the Massachusetts coast, December 21, 1620, (Old style December 11). *Plymouth.* Plymouth, Mass. was so named first by Captain John Smith, perhaps because of a fancied resemblance in situation to Plymouth, England; and this name was confirmed by the Pilgrim Fathers on account of the kindness which they had received at that port before leaving their native land. The village consists of a few principal streets and a number of by-lanes running off into the surrounding country. Of these streets the first laid out by the Pilgrims is of course the most interesting. They judiciously decided to build upon high ground where much of the land had been cleared and planted with corn by the Indians.

"In the afternoon of December 28," writes Bradford, "we went to measure out the grounds, and first we took notice how many families were there, willing all single men that had no wives to join with some family, as they sought fit, that so we might build fewer houses; which was done, and we reduced them to nineteen families. We thought this proportion was large enough at the first for houses and gardens to impale them round, considering the weakness of our people."

To the main street they gave the name of "Leyden," after the city in Holland where they had had refuge for so many years. "Forefather's Rock," the rock on which they first stepped, is in the present Water Street, and is now covered by a handsome granite canopy surmounted by a colossal statue of Faith. "Burial Hill" is another notable spot, rising, as it does, conspicuously above all the buildings, a lofty green mound covered with dark-grey tombstones. The view from here embraces the whole field of Pilgrim adventure, from the arrival on the coast to the settlement and the after conflicts with the Indians and the elements. (Adapted from Bartlett's *Pilgrim Fathers*).

3. *Doublet and hose.* Characteristic gentlemen's dress of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The doublet was a close-fitting outer body-garment with sleeves, and sometimes a short skirt belted at the waist. The skirt was full, and the lower edge was gathered so as to fit the leg snugly. This gave a kind of puff effect to the part of the garment covering the hips. The hose, often of finest silk and wool, served the purpose of trousers. They fitted the leg tight, and extended from the puff to the feet. *Cordovan leather.* Goat skins prepared originally at Cordova in Spain. The English word, *cordwain.* meaning Spanish tanned goat-skin, is reminiscent of the place where the leather first came to fame.

4. *Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain.* One of the most prominent

members of the Puritan band, and one whose nerve and courage contributed much toward carrying the little colony through its many perils. He was small of stature, but his constitution was of iron, and his natural fearlessness, nurtured by a military training, made him a fighter of renown. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1574, descended from the old house of Standish, famous from Norman times. Miles Standish early chose the profession of arms, and served with the army sent by Queen Elizabeth to the assistance of the Dutch in their struggle against Spain. At Leyden, he fell in with the Pilgrims, and, induced by love of adventure as well as by sympathy with their principles, he joined the Pilgrims' emigration to America. He was a passenger in the *Mayflower* together with his daughter and his wife, Rose Standish, who died one month after the landing, December 1620. His next wife came over in the *Anne* in 1623; so we may imagine the refusal of Priscilla did not leave him inconsolable. Captain Standish's promptness in killing the Indian leaders at the time of the Paomet and Massachusett conspiracy, made his name a terror among the savages,—a fact which was probably the salvation of the settlement. He was constantly engaged in public service up to the time of his death, October 3, 1656. (Adapted from the *Genealogical Dictionary of New England*.)

8. *Corselet.* The complete body-armor of a soldier; or, by restriction, merely the breastplate. *Sword of Damascus.* Damascus blades are swords or scimeters of finest steel, the surface of which presents a watered effect, the result of very fine engraving, an art never discovered in the West. The city of Damascus in Syria was famous in the Middle Ages for its production of these steel blades. The blades often bore some mysterious legend, e. g. "Kismet."

The Pilgrim Society at Plymouth and the Massachusetts Historical Society both have original Damascus swords once the property of Miles Standish.

10. *Fowling-piece, musket, matchlock.* A fowling-piece is the name of a small gun used in bird-hunting; the musket was a light infantry gun; matchlocks were muskets commonly in use in the sixteenth century and early in the seventeenth. The lock held a match or a piece of twisted flax to retain the fire. Allusions to this kind of fire-arm are frequent in Bradford's and Winslow's Journals, found in Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims.*

15. *John Alden.* "John Alden was hired for a cooper at Southampton where the ship [the Mayflower] victualled; and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here [to Plymouth]; but he stayed and married here." (From Bradford's Journal.)

Longfellow (line 20) speaks of him as the youngest man who came in the *Mayflower;* he was the last survivor of those who signed the far-famed Compact. He died at Duxbury in 1686 at the age of eighty-seven, after a life of quiet prominence in the history of the Plymouth Plantation.

19. *Not Angles but Angels.* A monk named Gregory, afterwards Pope Gregory the Great, while passing through the slave-market at Rome, noticed three slaves of "delicate Saxon complexion" in striking contrast with the types around them. Upon inquiring who they were and whence they came, he was told that they were Angles from Britain, which country had recently been overrun by the Angles and Saxons, Germanic tribes from the continent. Gregory was strongly moved by the beauty of the captives, and vowed to send them the gospel. "Not Angles, but Angels," said he, "and they ought to be the fellow heirs of heaven." St. Augustine with a band of forty missionaries, commissioned by Pope Gregory, carried the gospel to England, 597 A. D.

25. *Flanders.* Miles Standish fought for the Dutch against the Spanish "in the Flemish morasses."

28. *Arcabucero.* A Spanish word formerly signifying *archer;* but as the weapons changed, the word came to mean a soldier using any weapon.—Cf. the English *arquebusier.*

32-33. Note the characteristic Puritan introduction of Biblical phrase in ordinary speech.

38. *Inkhorn.* Scribes usually carried ink in horns attached to their dress; hence the word.

39. *My great, invincible army.* Twelve men seem a small number for an invincible army, but the Captain is serious along with his pleasantry. The little military company did great service to the colony during the first winter in protecting it from sudden attacks by the Indians. In Indian warfare a few men with guns were sufficient to keep back many times their number.

41. *Eighteen shillings; diet; pillage.* Estimate the pay of these Colonial regulars, and compare with a soldier's pay of today.

42. *Cæsar.* Caius Julius Cæsar, the celebrated Roman warrior, statesman, and writer, 100-44 B. C. The feat attributed to him in this poem—that he knew each of his soldiers by name—applied to his favorite legion, the Twelfth. Cf. lines 108 following.

46. *Howitzer.* A small cannon with low elevation for projecting shells at close range. Cf. Mortar.

53. The names of the Indians introduced here are taken from the early chronicles of the Pilgrim days. To determine the accent in each word, scan the line.

61. *Rose Standish.* Rose Standish died January 29, 1621, one month after the landing. The tender frame of woman sank under the protracted privations and hardships the colonists underwent. Bradford, Standish, Allerton, and Winslow were all left widowers in the course of a few weeks. Six of the colonists died in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March—until of the little band scarcely half remained. Had not the winter, severe at all times, proved unusually mild, not one, in all probability, would have been left to tell the tale. (Adapted from Bartlett's *Pilgrim Fathers.*)

64. *Field of wheat.* Those who died during the first winter were buried on a bluff near the shore, and the graves were smoothed flat in order to prevent the Indians from discovering how many the colony had lost. As early as was feasible, the ground, graves and all, was sown with wheat to continue the delusion. (Adapted from Holmes's *Annals of America.*)

70. *Bariffe's Artillery Guide.* Colonel William Bariffe was a Puritan whose elaborate work on military discipline had great influence in the first half of the seventeenth century. Appended to the elaborate title page of a dozen lines, a sixteenth and seventeenth century literary custom, was this quotation: "Blessed be the Lord my Strength which teacheth my hands to warre and my fingers to fight." *Psalms* 144: 1. *Commentaries of Cæsar.* Cæsar's account of the Gallic Wars he waged during the nine years of his governorship of the Gallic provinces, 58–49 B. C.

71. *Arthur Goldinge.* A voluminous translator of many classical works of which the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid is the best. He was a contemporary of Sir Philip Sidney, by whom he was patronized.

75. *Wars of the Hebrews.* After the Jews had settled in Canaan, a series of conquests of heathen hosts was effected, beginning under the leadership of Joshua. The narrative of these wars is found in the historical portion of the Old Testament.

77. *Ponderous Roman.* Why *ponderous?*

83. The *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth April 5, 1621, on her return voyage, reaching England May 6.

85. The full list of Pilgrims as given in the appendix to Bradford's *History of Plymouth,* includes the names of the men who signed the Compact, the wives that came in the *Mayflower,* and their children and servants. There were in all one hundred and two passengers. The following list contains the names of the forty-one men who signed the Compact, the eighteen wives, and the three young women, unmarried. The names of the children and of the men- and maid-servants may be found in Bradford's list.

John Carver.	Mrs. Catherine Carver.
	Miss Desire Minter.
William Bradford.	Mrs. Dorothy Bradford.
Edward Winslow.	Mrs. Elizabeth Winslow.
William Brewster.	Mrs. Mary Brewster.
Isaac Allerton.	Mrs. Mary Allerton.
Myles Standish.	Mrs. Rose Standish.
John Alden.	
Samuel Fuller.	
Christopher Martin.	Mrs. ——— Martin.
William Mullins.	Mrs. ——— Mullins.
	Miss Priscilla Mullins.
William White.	Mrs. Susanna White.
Richard Warren.	
John Howland.	
Stephen Hopkins.	Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins.
Edward Tilley.	Mrs. Ann Tilley.
John Tilley.	Mrs. Elizabeth Tilley.
Francis Cook.	
Thomas Rogers.	
Thomas Tinker.	Mrs. ——— Tinker.
John Rigdale.	Mrs. Alice Rigdale.
Edward Fuller.	Mrs. ——— Fuller.
John Turner.	
Francis Eaton.	Mrs. Sarah Eaton.
James Chilton.	Mrs. Mary Chilton.
	Miss Mary Chilton.
John Crackston.	
John Billington.	Mrs. Ellen Billington.
Moses Fletcher.	
John Goodman.	
Degory Priest.	
Thomas Williams.	
Gilbert Winslow.	
Edward Margeson.	
Peter Brown.	
Richard Britteridge.	
George Soule.	
Richard Clark.	
Richard Gardiner.	
John Allerton.	
Thomas English.	
Edward Dotey.	
Edward Lister.	

100. *Iberian Village.* The Iberians were the pre-Aryan inhabitants of Western Europe, represented today by the Basques. Plutarch, in his life of Julius Cæsar, narrates that as Cæsar crossing the Alps, was passing through a small village of barbarians, few in number and wretchedly poor, his companions asked mockingly if there were any canvassing for office there, any contention as to who should be greatest; any feuds arising from contest of great men with each other. To all this Cæsar responded: "I had rather be first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome."

104. *Flanders.* A county of the Low Lands, famous in the religious wars against Spain, where Miles Standish fought before he joined the Pilgrims. Flanders, in the days of Julius Cæsar, was a part of Gaul, a general name given to nearly all of Western Europe.

105. *The orator Brutus.* Marcus Brutus, a distinguished son of Rome, who, for the good of Rome, joined the conspiracy against Cæsar and helped to murder him in the Capitol, March 15, 44 B. C. After the unsuccessful Battle of Philippi, two years later, Brutus died on his own sword.

108. *Twelfth Legion.* The Roman army was divided into legions, each legion consisting of about five thousand men. The Twelfth Legion was Cæsar's favorite.

109. The incident here related is found in Cæsar's *Commentaries*, Book ii. chapter 10.

133. Genesis ii: 18. "And the Lord God said it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him."

139. "Mr. Mullins, and his wife, his son, and his servant, died the first winter. Only his daughter Priscilla survived. . . . ." (Bradford's *History of Plymouth.*)

160. There is no reason to believe that the reference here is any more than a traditional belief without foundation.

188. *Populous trees.* Why populous? Compare *populous nests*, *Evangeline* line 136. *Hanging gardens.* The reference is to the famous Hanging Gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar for his beautiful Median queen. Compare Daniel v.

189. Compare this entire expression with the corresponding thought in the Preceptor's Speech, *The Birds of Killingworth*, and note the corresponding delicacy and beauty of thought and expression.

199. *Desolate shores.* The shores of New England, even at the present time, are remarkably rugged and cheerless. What must have been their aspect during the winter of 1620. Read Mrs. Hemans's poem, "*The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*"

206. *Astaroth, Baal.* The names of Phœnician deities. Astaroth,

sometimes spelled Astarte, corresponds to the Roman Venus. (See Judges ii: 12, 13, and I. Samuel xii: 10.)

210. *Mayflowers.* In England, the Mayflower is the hawthorn; but the poet here means the *Trailing Arbutus*, called Mayflower by the Pilgrims, possibly in memory of the English flower. The Arbutus flowers early in the New England spring.

220. *Disk.* What picture is called up by the use of this word?

224. *Hundredth Psalm.* This is practically the music of Old Hundred. Ainsworth's version of the Psalm was printed (about 1600), in Holland, whither he had fled in 1590 to escape further persecution after becoming a Brownist. Compare Ainsworth's version of the hundredth Psalm given below with the authorized version, and not the differences.

1. Bow to Jehovah all the earth.
2. Serve ye Jehovah with gladness; before him come with singing mirth.
3. Know that Jehovah he God is. It's he that made us and not we, his flock and sheep of his feeding.
4. Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.
5. Because Jehovah he good is; his mercy ever is the same, and his faith unto all ages.

225. *Luther.* Martin Luther was the German leader of the Protestant Reformation in the early part of the sixteenth century.

228. *Wheel.* The spinning wheel consisted of a large wheel, band, and spindle, and was driven by the hand or foot. The process of spinning is an interesting one. Look up an account of it in some good reference book, such as *The American Mechanical Dictionary.*

229. *Ravenous spindle.* Why ravenous? What is the figure? Its force?

245. Compare Luke ix: 62.

248. Compare Psalms cxxxvi.

269. *Hedgerows of England.* One of the most beautiful and picturesque sights in rural England is the hedgerow, used instead of the fence to mark division of the fields. Covered with vines and blossoms, the hedgerows truly make the country seem "like a garden." The description here of an English village is as beautiful as it is accurate.

320. *Pedigree.* "There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name [Standish], one of Standish Hall and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221. There seems always to have been a military spirit in the family. Froissart, relating in his *Chronicles* the memorable meeting between Richard II and Wat Tyler, says that after the rebel was struck from his horse by Wil-

liam Walworth, 'then a squyer of the Kynges alyted, called John Standysshe, and he drewe out his sworde, and put into Wat Tyler's belye, and so he dyed.' For this act Standish was knighted. In 1415, another Sir John Standish fought at the Battle of Agincourt. From his giving the name of Duxbury to the town where he settled, near Plymouth, and calling his eldest son Alexander (a common name in the Standish family), I have no doubt that Miles Standish was a scion from this ancient and warlike stock." (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims.*)

323. *Basely defrauded.* In his will Miles Standish gave to his "son and heir-apparent, Alexander Standish," certain lands "given me as right heir by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from me; my great-grandfather being a second younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish."

324. *Family arms.* The design here described is that of a white cock with red comb. Look up the article on Heraldry in the Encyclopedia.

332. *Magnanimous.* From the derivation, what is the difference between "magnanimous" and "great of heart?"

343. Read Revelation xxi: 10-27, and compare with this passage in the poem.

344. *John the Apostle.* St. John, the beloved disciple, the author of one of the four gospels, the general epistles, and the Revelation.

347. *Reed.* An ancient Hebrew measure of length, equivalent to six cubits, or about three and one-half yards.

361. *The Prophet.* Nathan, a Hebrew prophet in the time of King David.

362. *David's transgression.* See II. Samuel, xi. David having fallen in love with Bathsheba, the wife of his friend Uriah, sent Uriah to war, in the front of the battle, that he might be killed. When this had been accomplished, David married Uriah's widow, but Nathan announced to him, "It hath displeased the Lord."

John Alden's position is by no means the same as David's but from Alden's point of view, what is the force of the comparison?

376. Compare Exodus xiv: 21-29.

383. Compare Revelation xix: 7.

392. *Seven houses of Plymouth.* Edward Winslow, in a letter to a friend in England dated December 11, 1621, writes: "You shall understand that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation." (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims.*)

396. *Mainault, Brabant, Flanders.* Counties of the Modern Netherlands, the territory of the Belgæ of Cæsar's time.

415. *Wat Tyler.* The leader of the rebellion against Richard II. Wat Tyler was slain by a "certain John Standysshe," a squire of the King's. See note on line 320.

421. *You too, Brutus!* The "*Et tu Brute!*" of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Act iii. scene i, line 77.

437. Compare Matthew vi: 4.

442. *Elder of Plymouth.* Elder William Brewster was chosen Minister of the Pilgrim Church until their regular pastor, John Robinson, should come to America. As Robinson died in Holland without ever seeing America, Brewster continued to conduct the services of the church, preaching twice daily, up to the time of his death in 1644. In the Plymouth Church there were two elders, the *ruling* elder, who maintained himself, exercising the functions of the modern deacon, and the *teaching* elder, maintained by the people, exercising the functions of teacher and preacher. In the absence of Robinson, Brewster combined both offices.

Explain the descriptive epithet, "The hill that was nearest to heaven, covered with snow."

443. *Three Kingdoms.* The dissenters from the established churches of England, France, and Holland, had been cruelly persecuted until the stoutest-hearted were forced to flee as refugees. When, by happy chance, they came together at Leyden, a common refuge, common interests readily brought them to coalesce to form one church.

444. *Sifted the wheat.* Explain how the Pilgrims to America were doubly "sifted." The figure here used appears first in William Stoughton's election sermon of 1668: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness."

448. *Bible printed in Holland.* The Bible brought over in the *Mayflower* was the Genevan version, clung to by the Puritans long after the King James version had been published in 1611. Owing to opposition in England, this version was printed in Holland,—once in Amsterdam.

450. *Skin of a rattlesnake.* In January 1622, the Narragansett Indians assumed an insolent and threatening attitude. Canonicus, their sachem, sent a messenger with a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake skin in token of enmity and hostile intentions. This was the most numerous and most warlike tribe in New England, numbering thirty thousand, of whom five thousand were warriors. As soon nevertheless, as the Pilgrims understood from Squanto the purport of this symbolic message, the skin of the rattlesnake was stuffed with powder and ball and returned to Canonicus with the "assurance that if he [Standish] had but shipping to go in quest of him, he would not have failed to anticipate so insolent a challenge." The Indians were at no

loss to comprehend both the meaning of the answer and the spirit that prompted it, and the Pilgrims were unmolested. Nevertheless, as a matter of precaution, the Pilgrims surrounded the entire town with a stockade, while Captain Standish marshalled the whole company into four squadrons, making a regular military institution. (Abridged from Bartlett's *Pilgrim Fathers.*)

457. John Robinson, then in Holland, when he was informed of the colonists' first encounter with the Indians, wrote to the settlers: "Oh how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you had killed any."

487. *Eight of his valorous army.* Four were left behind to defend the village. See line 40, "twelve men."

492. *Midianites and Philistines.* Heathen tribes warred on by the children of Israel.

507. *Beautiful were his feet.* Compare Isaiah lii: 7.

547. Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, Gilbert Winslow,—names taken from Bradford's official list. See note on line 85.

551. Why is Plymouth Rock called "the corner-stone of a nation?" What is the figure?

600. Compare Luke ix: 62.

605. *Point of the Gurnet.* The name Gurnet, borrowed from an English cape, was given by the Pilgrims to a headland enclosing the northern part of Plymouth Bay.

606. *Island.* Clark Island in Plymouth Bay. *Cape of Sand.* Cape Cod? *Field of the First Encounter.* The place on Eastham shore where the Pilgrims had their first meeting with the Indians, December 8, 1620, before they had landed at Plymouth, while the ship was still at anchor in what is now Provincetown Harbor.

611. Compare Ephesians v: 18.

626. Compare Genesis i: 2.

629. *Loadstone.* A natural magnet having the power of attracting other pieces of iron. (Sometimes spelled *lodestone.*)

665. *River Euphrates.* This is an important river in ancient history, figuring in the earliest Aryan records. Locate it on the map. What river is associated with it? What is the region between the two rivers called and what does the name mean? *Havilah.* A region southwest of the Black Sea and near it, in which the Euphrates has its source.

719. *Pilgrim devout.* Distinguish between the Pilgrims of the Middle Ages here referred to, and the Puritan Pilgrims. What was the object of the journeys of the former to Jerusalem? What is the significance of "taking three steps in advance and one reluctantly backward," in the case of the medieval Pilgrim and of John Alden?

725. The account of the expedition northward here introduced is

based on Winslow's report,—"*Relation of Standish's Expedition against the Indians of Weymouth, and the breaking up of Weston's Colony at that place,*"—given in full in Young's *Chronicles*. The expedition took place in March 1623 instead of April 1621, as the poet makes it.

Mr. Weston, a friend of the Pilgrims in London, had settled a small colony at Weymouth, about twenty miles northwest of Plymouth. Owing to tactless dealing with the Indians, the Weymouth colonists suffered much at the hands of the natives. The Pilgrims, out of deference to their old friend, sent Standish and his "army" to their rescue. Shortly after some of the Weymouth colonists joined the Plymouth band; the rest went back to London.

752. *Furs.* Staple articles of primitive trade.

755. *Goliath of Gath.* Read I Samuel xvii: 4-7. *Og, King of Bashan.* Deuteronomy iii: 1-11.

756. *Pecksuot, Wattawamat.* Determine where the accent falls by scanning the line.

The names appear in the Plymouth records and, therefore, are not chosen at random.

757. *Scabbards of wampum.* Compare note on line 4, "*The Peace-Pipe,*" in *The Song of Hiawatha.*

761. *To barter and chaffer for peltries.* To exchange articles for furs.

765. *The plague.* A fiction invented by Squanto, an Indian friend of the Pilgrims.

776. The incident here is an embellished elaboration of a passage in Winslow's *Relation.*

787. Note the three-fold insult to Miles Standish. Men of low stature (as was Standish) were looked down upon by the braves; work was the province of inferior beings; to be called a woman was the greatest evidence of an Indian's contempt.

803-804. The battle here described was the only battle fought between the Pilgrims and the Indians for over fifty years.

806. "Watching his opportunity, when four of them, Wittuwamet, Pecksuot, another Indian, and a youth of eighteen, brother of Wittuwamet, and about as many of his own men, were in the same room, he [Standish] gave a signal to his men; the door was instantly shut and, snatching the knife of Pecksuot from his neck, he killed him with it after a violent struggle; his party killed Wittuwamet, and the other Indian; and hung the youth. Proceeding to another place, Standish killed an Indian; and afterward had a skirmish with a party of Indians, which he put to flight. Standish, with that generosity which characterizes true bravery, released the Indian women, without taking their beaver coats, or allowing the least incivility to be offered them." (From Abiel Holmes's *Annals of America.*)

813. "Habbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the Captain: 'Yesterday, Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but today I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground." (From Winslow's *Relation.*)

818. *Trophy of war.* The custom of exposing such trophies was a common one in England, extending as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. Such practices as exposing the heads of victims, or even hanging disinterred bodies on public gibbets, instead of being considered shocking, gave the English Puritans cause for "praising the Lord."

825. *Ships of the merchants.* With poetic license, the poet makes another conscious anachronism: the *Anne* and the *Little James*, merchant ships, arrived August, 1623, instead of Autumn 1621.

826. *Corn.* Not Indian corn, or maize. The word "corn" has a variety of meanings. In England it means either wheat, barley, rye, and oats collectively, or more specifically wheat; in Scotland it generally means oats; in America it means maize, or Indian corn, the cereal peculiar to the western hemisphere.

828. *Meerestead.* Derived from two old English roots, *mere* meaning boundary, and *stead*, place. Compare homestead, bedstead, etc. The first records of the Plymouth Colony with reference to land division, contain the phrase "Meersteads and Garden-plotes."

829. *Glebe.* Poetic for soil. What other meanings has *glebe*?

"The Virginia Company ordered a hundred acres of land in each of the boroughs to be laid off for a glebe." (From Holmes's *Annals of America.*)

843. *Window-panes.* Window glass was considered a luxury in England even in Queen Elizabeth's time. In a letter to prospective emigrants in England, dated November, 1621, Edward Winslow writes: "Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows."

846. *To this day.* The present house in Duxbury occupied by descendants of John Alden, stands on the original site, and there are traces of the original foundation.

858. Compare Proverbs xxxi: 10-28.

867. What is the classical allusion here?

872. *Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.* Bertha, the wife of Rudolph II of Burgundy, of which Helvetia was a part. After the death of Rudolph, 937 A. D., the good queen governed the kingdom during the absence of their son Conrad, who passed his minority at the court of Otto I, Emperor of Germany.

"Who has not heard of the humble gracious queen, who, mounted on her palfrey, a spindle in her hand, went from castle to castle from monastery to monastery, from farm-yard to farm-yard, doing everywhere deeds of piety and charity? One day the queen of Payerne —for that was her name in the traditions of Burgundy—met in the fields near Orbe a young peasant woman who was spinning while she watched her flock, Bertha, well-pleased, gave a valuable present to the girl. On the morrow, the ladies of her train all appeared before her, each with a distaff in her hand. But the queen smiled at sight of them. 'Ladies,' she said, 'the young peasant, like Jacob, came first, and she has carried away my blessing.' The rule of Queen Bertha and her husband, Rudolph II was distinguished by the laying of foundations for numerous pious and useful institutions, and the building of churches, monasteries, bridges, roads, castles, and hostelries." (From Alexander Dagnet's *History of the Swiss Confederation.*)

877. *Southampton.* John Alden was added to the crew when the *Mayflower* stopped at Southampton for supplies. See note on line 15.

917. Compare Mark x: 9.

926. The gorgeous imagery of this passage is equalled only by the description that inspired it,—Exodus xxviii: 31-39. In what consists the appropriateness of the comparison? Analyze the figure in detail.

936. *Ruth and Boaz.* Read Ruth i. and ii. in the Old Testament.

939. *Laudable custom of Holland.* "May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the laudable custome of the Low-Countries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing upon which many questions about inheritance doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the Scripturs, Ruth 4. and no wher to be found in the gospell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office." (From Bradford's *History of Plymouth.*)

The marriage referred to by Bradford was that of Edward Winslow to Mrs. Susanna White, May 12, 1621; their spouses had died in the preceding March and February, respectively. It is likely that the marriage of John Alden and Priscilla was the second.

971. *Adage.* What is the dramatic force of this adage in the plot of this story? What does the second adage mean?

1013. *Valley of Eschol.* Compare Numbers xiii: 23-24.

1015. *Rebecca and Isaac.* Read the story of Isaac and Rebecca in Genesis xxiv.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

Line 1. *Sudbury town.* A little town in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, east of Cambridge, now easily reached by rail. Cf. line 21. Read the introduction for notes on the local setting.

9. *Old Colonial day.* The inscription on the first tavern sign read 1686, indicating the probable date of its erection.

22. *Gleeds.* Glowing coals. Compare *Evangeline* line 621.

32. *Red Horse.* The custom of pictures instead of words for signs goes back to the Middle Ages. Chaucer's "*Tabard, faste by the Belle,*" is a famous illustration in English literature. Compare the inn in Irving's *Rip Van Winkle.*

53. *Princess Mary.* The daughter of James II, King of England, and wife of William, Prince of Orange. William and Mary became the joint rulers of England by the Revolution of 1688, which deposed James II.

62. *Emblazoned.* A heraldic word meaning adorned with splendid colors like the old armorial designs. Compare *Evangeline,* line 492.

63-66. These lines appeared, scratched on the pane of glass:

What do you think?
Here is a good drink,
Perhaps you may not know it:
If not in haste,
Do stop and taste!
You merry folk will show it.

65. *Major Molineaux.* The reference is to Hawthorne's tale *My Kinsman, Major Molineux.* Hawthorne wrote to Longfellow expressing his gratification at "finding his name shining in his verse."

68. *The rapt musician.* The poet's friend, Ole Bull, (1810-1880), is the confessed model of this character.

94. *The Landlord.* "Some two hundred years ago, an English family, by the name of Howe, built there [in Sudbury] a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune they became innkeepers; and for a century the Red Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I described it, though

no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire'—things that must sound strange in English ears." (From a letter of the poet's to an English correspondent written in 1863.)

102-109. Terms in heraldry descriptive of shields and the designs on them. *Gules.* Red, or, where color was impossible, fine vertical lines of black that stood for red, alternating with the silver chevron. *Chevron argent.* Silver bars issuing obliquely from the two edges of the shield and joining in the center. *Crest.* A device supported by a wreath or coronet displayed above the shield. The description of the crest here is that of a helmet surmounted by a winged dragon (Wyvern), the whole appearing in a vertical bar through the middle of the shield, (part-per-pale.)

114. *Concord.* Near Cambridge in Middlesex County; the scene of the second battle of the American Revolution, April 19, 1775, Lexington being the first.

116. *A Student.* The prototype of this character was Henry Ware Wales, a Harvard scholar who died early but left a memory of promise. Chaucer's "*Clerk of Oxenford*" is brought to mind by Longfellow's character sketch here.

139. *Chronicles of Charlemagne.* One of the four cycles of French Romances dealing with the deeds of Charlemagne, Alexander the Great, the Trojan heroes, and King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. These romances gave inspiration to the English writers of the period after the Norman Conquest.

140. *Merlin.* Prince of enchanters, maker of the famous round table around which sat Arthur and his knights. *Mort d'Arthure.* The name of Malory's famous work of the fifteenth century which, in recent times has furnished the inspiration for Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and numerous other poems.

142. Characters in Boccaccio's *Philopoco*, one of the stories in the "*Decameron;*" see note on line 170. Chaucer gives a version of the same story in his *Franklin's Tale.*

143. "Ferumbras" is the name of an obscure Middle English romance of the Norman period. The character also appears in the *Chronicles of Charlemagne* as Fierabras. "Eglamour" is the name of a romance of the same period as "Ferumbras."

145. The names of knights figuring in Malory's collection of romances, and in the romances preceding Malory.

146. *A young Sicilian.* The prototype of this character was Luigi Monti, who, after his exile from Sicily, took up his residence in America, becoming one of Longfellow's intimate friends.

151. *Palermo.* The siege referred to occurred in the revolution of

1848. The city, on the northern coast of Sicily, was reduced by the Bourbons in 1849.

153. *King Bomba.* The nickname of Ferdinand II of Naples, given because of his ruthless bombardment of Messina.

166. *Immortal Four.* Dante (1265-1321), Petrarch (1304-1374), Tasso (1544-1595), and Ariosto (1474-1533).

170. *Decameron.* The name of a collection of a hundred tales written or adapted by the Italian poet, Boccaccio. The setting is somewhat similar to Chaucer's and Longfellow's. A company of young men and women escaping from the plague, which is raging in Florence, gather at a country house in Fiesole, a mountain town near Florence, and the hundred tales are supposed to be related by them during the ten days of their stay. The collection has furnished many poets since Boccaccio's time with material and inspiration.

180. *Bucolic songs.* Pastoral poems. The word, *bucolic*, of ancient Greek origin, meant *cowherd. Meli.* A Sicilian poet. (1740–1815.)

184. *Theocritus.* A Greek poet of the Alexandrian age, famous for his Sicilian idylls. He wrote in the third century B. C. at Alexandria.

185. *A Spanish Jew.* Israel Edrehi, a Boston dealer in Oriental goods, was the original of this character. *Alicant.* A province in southeastern Spain.

188. *Levant.* A word now applied to the whole eastern world, but originally applied to the shores of the eastern Mediterranean, "the land of the sunrise."

199-200. The Moluccas and Celebes are islands in the Malay Archipelago, the former being known as "The Spice Islands."

202. *Pierre Alphonse.* A distinguished Spanish medical and theological authority of the twelfth century, versed in Jewish lore.

204. *The Parables of Sandabar.* A collection of Hebrew tales of the Middle Ages.

205. *The Fables of Pilpay.* Pilpay (or Bidpay) was the supposed author of a collection of famous tales of ancient Sanscrit origin now reappearing in most languages of the west. The fables of LaFontaine are some of them borrowings from this source.

208. *Talmud and Targum.* The Talmud is the body of Jewish civil and canonical law not comprised in the Pentateuch. The Targum consists of paraphrases of various parts of the Old Testament in Aramaic or Chaldee.

209. *Kabala.* The mystic theosophy or philosophy of the Hebrews, originating about the second century A. D. Compare the word *cabal* and note its derivation and meaning.

213. *Sackbut.* A primitive musical instrument, mentioned in Daniel iii: 10.

215. *A Theologian.* Daniel Treadwell, Professor of Physics in Harvard, is the original of this character; he had a considerable interest in theology.

219. *Golden Rule.* Compare Matthew vii: 12.

226. *Universal Church.* Compare the meaning of Catholic Church.

229. *A Poet.* Thomas William Parsons, an American poet best known through his translation of parts of Dante's Divine Comedy, is the person the poet had in mind in this sketch.

240. *Laurels of Miltiades.* The fame of Miltiades, who won the battle of Marathon, was the source of great annoyance to the ambitious and jealous Themistocles. Plutarch says, "the trophies of Miltiades robbed Themistocles of sleep."

245. *The Musician. The Saga of King Olaf,* the first of the tales written, suggested bringing into the group his friend Ole Bull, a Norwegian violinist.

253-254. A celebrated picture of the Italian painter Raffaelle Sanzio d' Urbino, (1483-1520). Raphael means *angel.*

259. *Stromkarl.* The Norwegian genius of the river.

269. *Elivagar's river.* In Norse mythology the icy and poisonous streams that flow out of Niflheim, the world of fog and mist.

272. Cremona, Italy, was the home of the most famous violin-makers of the world, Andrea Amati, his son Antonio, and his pupil Antonius Stradivarius.

276. *Tyrolean.* Tyrol is an Alpine province now belonging to Austria.

287. *Harp of Gold.* Look up the story of Orpheus in a classical dictionary and compare with the references in this passage.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

This poem first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* several years before the poet conceived the idea of a series of tales. The circumstances under which it was written are best told by the entries in his diary:

"April 5, 1860. Go with Sumner to Mr. H——, of the North End, who acts as guide to the 'Little Britain' of Boston. We go to Copp's Hill burial-ground and see the tomb of Cotton Mather, his father and his son; then to the Old North Church, which looks like a parish church in London. We climb the tower to the chime of bells, now the home of innumerable pigeons. From this tower were hung the lanterns as a signal that the British troops had left Boston for Concord."

"April 19. I wrote a few lines in *Paul Revere's Ride,* this being the day of that achievement."

The popular form of the story was current shortly after the Revolution, but there are documentary sources of the story in a letter of Paul Revere to Dr. Jeremy Belknap, now printed in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* In Frothingham's *History of the Siege of Boston* the story is given according to a memorandum of Richard Devens, the friend and associate of Paul Revere. Longfellow's version differs slightly from the facts of history.

The publication of Longfellow's poem was the occasion of much discussion as to which church was the "Old North Church"—North Meeting House, in North Square, destroyed during the siege of Boston, or Christ Church which still stands and is popularly called "North Church Boston historians have been divided in their opinion. A tablet bearing the following inscription was placed in front of Christ Church by authority of the City of Boston, October 17, 1878:

The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this Church, April 18, 1775, *warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord.*

Other famous poems in American literature dealing with the historic date, April 19, 1775, are Emerson's *Concord Hymn* and Lowell's *Ode on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at Concord Bridge.*

20-23. Compare with this passage the stanza from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner:*

> "And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
> (Heaven's Mother send us grace.)
> As if through a dungeon grate he peered
> With broad and burning face."

72. Is it likely that the rider would distinguish the second light as it is told here?

83. The Mystic River flows between Charlestown and Chelsea.

INTERLUDE

10-11. In the romances of chivalry it was the custom to name and personify the swords of heroes. *La Joyeuse* was the name of Charlemagne's sword; *Colada* was the sword of the Cid; *Durindale* belonged to Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne; *Excalibur* was the famous sword of King Arthur; *Aroundight* belonged to Lancelot.

23. *Escutcheon.* Heraldic shield.

38. *Ariosto.* One of the "Immortal Four of Italy," 1474-1533.

49. *Palmieri's garden.* The scene of the story-telling of the *Decameron.*

50. *Fiametta.* Maria, daughter of the King of Naples, was named Fiametta by Boccaccio.

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

This story, as indicated in the Interlude, is from Boccaccio's *Decameron*. It is much older, however, than Boccaccio, having been found in a collection of Sanskrit fables of very ancient origin. Versions of the story are common in western languages, some of them being these: a brief tale in the *Gesta Romanorum;* LaFontaine's *Le Faucon* in his *Contes et Nouvelles;* Tennyson's drama, *The Falcon;* and others.

Line 8. The river Arno flows through Florence.

24. *Falcon.* A bird of the hawk family widely used for hunting in the Middle Ages.

84. *Ilex.* The holm-oak of central Europe.

86. *Sylvan deities.* Statues?

88. *Val d' Arno.* The valley of the Arno.

130. *Pursuivant.* A term in heraldry to designate a herald's attendant, or, by derivation, any follower or attendant.

151. *Auroral.* From *Aurora,* goddess of the morn.

193. *Signor.* The Anglicized form of the Italian *signore,* used in respectful address to a gentleman.

210. *Bergamot.* A kind of pear, common in Europe.

221. *Fanfares.* Flourishes of trumpets.

INTERLUDE

Lines 8-19. The criticism here is just, but it would be impossible to estimate the influence of the *Decameron* in its inspiration to writers from Chaucer down.

26-29. Shakespeare's plots were commonly taken from such sources. Moor of Venice,—Othello. Jew,—Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice.*

39. *Talmud.* The Talmud included not only the law, but also legends and tales of appropriate nature.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

Longfellow, in all probability, received this story from his friend Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb, but the sources of the story may be found in the books *Col Bo, Ben Sira,* and *Ketuboth.*

Line 1. *Rabbi.* Teacher in contradistinction to priest, in Hebrew religious custom. The word now applies to a person holding a pastoral relation to a Hebrew congregation.

3. Compare Exodus xxxiii: 20.

25. *Celestial Town.* Compare Bunyan's expression, *Celestial City.*

38. *Son of Levi.* The Levites were set apart for the priesthood in the earliest days, but after the centralization at Jerusalem, they were subordinate to the priests, according to the Law.

INTERLUDE

21. *Abate.* Italian for abbot, but meaning an ecclesiastic of ow rank.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE
KING ROBERT OF SICILY

The story of this poem is old and well-known, appearing in many forms and languages. The *Gesta Romanorum* gives it as the story of Jovinian, a Christian Emperor of Rome in the fourth century. It appears in some legends of southern India. A middle English metrical romance, *Robert of Cysille,* is practically the same in theme and development. The story dates back in some form to the history of Solomon. Longfellow probably based his version of the story on Leigh Hunt's poem in *A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla.* The story, deservedly popular, has been retold since Longfellow wrote his poem, one of the best versions being in William Morris's *The Earthly Paradise.* The poem is strikingly picturesque and dramatic. The moral is neither added nor deduced but inheres as an essential element. The close of the poem, with its dignity and simplicity, possesses rare artistic beauty.

2. *Allemaine.* The *Allemanni* were a German tribe living on the Rhine in the early Middle Ages. The modern French word for Germany is *L'Allemagne.*

5. *St. John's eve.* St. John's day is December 27.

6. *The Magnificat.* The hymn of the Virgin Mary, taken from Luke i: 46-55, named from the opening Latin word: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum,* etc.

12. *Clerk.* In the Middle Ages, any one who could read or write was a clerk, so called because learning was generally confined to the clergy. Compare *cleric, clergy.*

56. *Seneschal.* A steward in the house of a medieval prince. *Page.* A youth in training for knighthood; a young attendant in the house of a medieval prince or nobleman.

63. *Dais.* (Two syllables) A platform with seat and canopy in royal and baronial halls.

82. *Jester.* A court fool, usually dressed in motley, who made sport for the king and court.

86. *Henchmen.* Subordinate attendants or servants. The literal meaning is probably "horse-men."

98. *Cap and bells.* The fool's insignia.

106. *Saturnian reign.* Saturn was the ancient Italic god of seed-time and harvest, the husband of Ops, (plenty). He is said to have civilized Italy by teaching the inhabitants agriculture. His reign was therefore called the golden age.

110. *Enceladus.* In classical mythology the giant placed by Jupiter under Mt. Etna. Volcanic disturbances and earthquakes were attributed to his uneasy movements.

150. *St. Peter's square.* The open square in front of the great cathedral at Rome.

169. *Holy Week.* The week of our Lord's Passion, ending with Easter.

186. *Salerno.* A seaport of Italy in the province, of Campania, on the southeast coast.

187. *Palermo.* A city on the northern coast of Sicily.

189. *Angelus.* See note on *Evangeline*, line 49.

INTERLUDE

2. *Saga.* See note on *The Skeleton in Armor*, line 20.

5. *Norroway.* An old form for Norway.

9. *Saga-man or Scald.* See note on *The Skeleton in Armor*, line 19.

10. *Heimskringla.* An Icelandic chronicle written in the thirteenth century by Snorro Sturleson. See introductory note on the Saga of King Olaf.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

The series of lyrics constituting the *Saga of King Olaf* was written in the fall of 1860, a year or more before the poet thought of writing a series of connected tales. The opening lyric, *The Challenge of Thor*, had been written at least ten years before the completed *Saga*, and was intended by the poet as a prologue to the second part of *Christus*. The idea of using the picturesque Norse material for a poem had been in his mind ever since his second visit to Europe, when he spent a short time in Sweden and studied Scandinavian literature. Several entries at various times in his Journal indicate how the matter grew from its inception.

"September 17, 1839.—First, I shall publish a collection of poems; then, ... and *The Saga of Hakon Jarl*; a poem.

"February 25, 1859.—The thought struck me this morning that a

very good poem might be written on the Saga of King Olaf, who converted the North to Christianity. Read the old Saga in the *Heimskringla*, Laing's translation. *The Challenge of Thor* will serve as a prelude."

The next year he began work in earnest on the theme, and the whole poem of twenty-two lyrics was completed in less than a month.

The work upon which Longfellow based his *Saga* is *The Heimskringla; or Chronicles of the Kings of Norway* by Snorro Sturleson, d. 1238; it passed through the Danish into the Latin during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and was translated into English in 1844 by Samuel Laing. The word "Heimskringla" is the first word of the Icelandic manuscript, and means "the world's circle." In the last part of the first volume (Laing's translation) occurs *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga*, the definite part that furnished Longfellow with the incidents for his Saga. The period embraced by the *Heimskringla* is from the earliest mythic period to the year 1177. The most interesting part of this early legendary history deals with the latter years of the tenth century and the earlier years of the eleventh, during the reigns of Hakon Jarl, (977–995), Olaf Tryggvesson, (995–1000), and their immediate successors. The period was made noteworthy by Olaf's zeal for the establishment of Christianity in the North and the persecution of the old paganism. This constitutes the theme of Longfellow's poem. The viking spirit is characteristic of the poem, and the Christianity displayed is of a rather wild and barbarous type.

Line 1. Thor was the Scandinavian god of war, thunder, and agriculture, son of Odin (the Woden of German mythology). Thor was likewise known in German mythology. The name is preserved in *Thursday*, i.e. Thor's-day.

10. *Miolner.* The name of Thor's hammer, the Crusher. Compare note on *Excalibur*, first Interlude, line 11.

19. *The light.* Aurora Borealis.

36. *Thor's day.* Not Thursday, but the Age of Force.

38. *Galilean.* Christ. Note the striking bringing together of Thor, Jove, and Christ.

48. *Drontheim.* The modern Trondhjem on the western coast of Norway. The word signifies "Thronder's home."

55. *His father.* Tryggve, slain by Gunhild.

66. *Hakon.* Friend of Astrid's father, to whom the deposed queen fled with her infant children.

70. *Vikings.* See note on *The Skeleton in Armor*, line 17.

74. *Esthonia.* A province of western Russia south of the Gulf of Finland.

79. *Allogia.* Queen of Russia.

83. *Valdemar.* Vladimir, Grand Prince of Russia d. 1015.

86. *Hebrides.* Islands to the northwest of Scotland.

87. *Scilly's rocky shore.* Islands to the west of Cornwall, England.

106. *Smalsor Horn.* A promontory southwest of Trondhjem, called Hornélen.

131. *Jarl Hakon.* Jarl is the equivalent of *earl*, which is derived from it. and meant in those days a petty or local king. Olaf's influence in Norway began with his deposition of Hakon. Hakon's friends, however, formed the nucleus of an opposition that ended in Olaf's death.

142. *Orkadale.* On the river Orka, a tributary of Trondhjem Fiord.

169. *Nidarholm.* An island in the river Nid, opposite Trondhjem.

175. *Sigrid.* Queen of Sweden in the latter part of the tenth century.

190. An old story in Norse mythology of one of the Valkyries punished by Odin.

193. *Ring of gold.* The gift of Olaf which he had taken from the heathen temple at Ladé (near Trondhjem) at the time he destroyed it in the interests of Christianity.

232. *Angvalds-ness.* A cape on the southwestern coast of Norway.

237. *Skerry.* Scandinavian for "isle of rocks." The Skerry of Shrieks is just off the Norway coast a little to the northwest of the southern peninsula.

274. *Eyvind Kallda.* One of the sorcerers (warlocks) whom Olaf summoned in order to destroy them. This one escaped up the chimney with the smoke.

288. *Witch of Endor.* Compare I Samuel xxviii: 7-25.

329. The refrain at the end of the stanzas suggests the theme of the poem. It is an imitation of the old ballads.

361. *Havamal.* Odin's chief song.

388. *Wroith.* A phantom of a living person, ominous of his death.

393. *Hus-Ting.* The English word, *husting*, means assembly. So here. Compare *Storthing*, great-meeting, the name now applied to the Norwegian Parliament.

397. A noted peasant landlord who opposed Christianity.

405. *Hodden-gray.* Rough, coarse, homespun material. Compare Burns's lines:

> "What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that."

416. *Hymer.* A giant whose very glance split the rocks.

434. Men of prominence among the peasants.

460. *Gudrun.* Daughter of Iron-Beard, wedded by Olaf as atonement for her father's death.

474. *Cairn.* A mound or heap of stones erected as a sepulchral monument.

508. *Thangbrand.* According to the narrative in the *Heimskringla* a Saxon priest of good scholarship but of wicked, ungovernable, habits. Olaf refused to have him in his house, and, to get rid of him, sent him to Iceland in the interest of Christianity.

510. *Chrysostom.* One of the Christian Fathers of the fourth century, of the Greek church at Constantinople, famed for his oratory.

584. *On the Evangelists.* On the books of the Bible, called the Gospels.

603. *Godoe Isles.* They lie off the Norwegian coast of the Skerry of Shrieks.

623. *Salten Fiord.* The arm of the sea projecting inland opposite Godoe Islands to the south.

667. *Apocalypse.* The revelation to John on the Island of Patmos. Compare Revelation I. and following.

669. *Isle of Gelling.* South of Godoe Islands.

717. *Yule-tide.* The Yule festival was held generally by the primitive peoples of the north in the mid-winter season.

720. *Berserks.* See note on *The Skeleton in Armor*, line 53.

746. An epithet applied to Olaf's sword. *Quern* means millstone.

749. Hakon's strong guard.

785. *Host.* The sacramental wafer used in celebrating the Lord's Supper.

789. This poetic conceit of the cross formed of the sword-hilt has been appropriately applied to Charlemagne and Alfred the Great.

792. *Was-hael.* See note on *The Skeleton in Armor*, line 49.

799. The viking ships were commonly decorated with a figurehead of some such design; hence the name.

864. How long would this be? The remains of the Viking Ship found at Gökstad show a typical boat of about seventy-nine feet in length.

886. *Ulf,* Scandinavian for wolf.

939. Gorm was the first king of united Denmark. Harold Blue-Tooth was his son.

944. Swein Fork-Beard, son of Harold Blue-Tooth, was the father of Canute the Great. Both are connected with the Danish conquest of England.

950. *Burislaf.* The heathen king of the Vends, living south of the Baltic.

959. *Weald* and *wold* alike mean forest; *wold* is probably derived from the older *weald.*

988. *Drottning.* A Norwegian title equivalent to *queen.*

1003. *Angelica.* An aromatic plant.

1023. *Gormson.* Son of Gorm. Adding the termination "son" is a common Norwegian mode of word-formation.

1084. *Isle of Svald.* Probably an island near the island of Rugen.

1094-1097. Compare line 222.

1122. *Erie.* Son of Hakon and enemy of Olaf.

1125. The most northern portion of the Scandinavian peninsula.

1130. *Earl Sigvald.* A relative of Burislaf, pretending friendship to Olaf but in reality acting as a spy.

1145. *Stet-haven.* A bay on which is situated the modern city of Stettin in Prussia.

1197. *Brume.* Fog, mist.

1200. *Regnarock.* In Norse mythology, the twilight of the gods, the end of the universe; hence, "day of doom." Compare the German expression *Gotterdammerung.*

1250. Poetic for clashing of the figure heads.

1267-1268. Verses composed on the death of Hakon, written by Skaldaspiller, were found in the *Heimskringla.*

1302. *Kamper.* Norwegian for fight.

1310-1311. Compare Revelation xii: 7 and Isaiah xiv: 12. Satan was identified with Lucifer by the church fathers, under the impression that the passage in Isaiah referred to him rather than to the king of Babylon.

1350. The passing of King Olaf thus gives hope of the triumph of his cause in spite of the present failure.

1378. *Astrid the Abbess.* The making of Olaf's mother an abbess gives the idea of the victory of Olaf's cause. This concluding poem of the *Saga* is not based on the *Heimskringla,* but is a creation of the poet's. It gives unity and consistency to the general theme, and is a remarkable climax in its answer to *The Challenge of Thor.*

INTERLUDE

15. *Heresies.* Beliefs and even thoughts opposed to the orthodox faith.

16-25. Longfellow had lived to see the stern Puritan doctrines of New England modified by the milder and more humane teachings of Unitarianism.

25. Read the sermon on the Mount in Matthew v., vi., vii.

26. *Calvin.* A French Protestant reformer of the sixteenth century, noted for his stern doctrines of original sin and foreordination.

The whole stanza contrasts forms and verbal expressions of faith with the real essence of Christianity.

27. *Athanasian creeds.* The Athanasian or Nicene Creed became the standard of orthodoxy for Christendom as a result of a fierce contention between Arius and Athanasius and their followers, who had been summoned to a council at Nicaea in 325 A. D. to settle doctrinal disputes and to define heresy.

30. *Decrees of Trent.* The Council of Trent, which sat at intervals from 1545 to 1563, was held for the purpose of extirpating heresies and reforming morals. It was the result of a movement within the Roman church, known as the Counter-Reformation.

34. *Litanies.* Penitential supplicatory prayers, forming part of the church service.

35-36. Compare Luke xviii: 10-13.

41. Compare Revelation i: 4.

44-47. Compare Revelation ii: 17; iii: 21; ii: 28.

51. *Phantasiasts.* A sect of the Monophysites holding that the body of Christ was always incorruptible, and that he died only phantasmally.

52. *Man of Sorrows.* Compare Isaiah liii: 3.

61. *Old Fuller.* Thomas Fuller, an English author and divine of the seventeenth century.

62-63. Compare Luke iii: 22.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

TORQUEMADA

This tale is based on the Spanish authority of Guillen de Castro, the historian of Spanish Protestantism. Longfellow speaks of his progress with *Torquemada*, and of his debt to De Castro, in his Journal of 1862.

"November 29, 1862. At work on a tale called *Torquemada* for the *Sudbury Tales.*"

"December 5, midnight. Finished *Torquemada*,—a dismal story of fanaticism; but in its main points historic. See De Castro, *Protestantes Espanolas*, page 310."

The Inquisition, called the Holy Office, was established by Pope Gregory IX in 1235 to suppress heresy and punish heretics. It was most active in Spain, Italy, and Portugal, and their dependencies. In Spain it attained its height during the latter years of the fifteenth century, and the term *Spanish Inquisition* has become famous in the political and religious history of Europe. Torquemada (1420–1498) was the first Spanish Inquisitor-general. The methods of the Inquisition appear to have been very severe. Longfellow's tale, *Torquemada*, is

true to the spirit of the times and has the additional merit of representing accurately the historic character, the Grand Inquisitor.

1-2. Ferdinand, King of Arragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile, by their marriage, 1469, paved the way for the union of the two leading states of Spain. By 1492, this was accomplished and the basis of the Spanish monarchy was laid.

5. *Valladolid.* A city in a province of Old Castile. Columbus died there in 1506.

8. *Hidalgo.* A Spanish nobleman, not of the highest class, but entitled to be called Don.

22. *Wild beasts at Ephesus.* Compare I Corinthians xv: 32.

23. *Lent.* The annual church fast of forty days, from Ash Wednesday to Easter.

25. *Plays of Corpus Christi.* Miracle plays and pageants accompanying the celebration of Corpus Christi Day, Thursday after Trinity Sunday. Look up *Miracle Plays* in Bates's *The English Religous Drama*, or in any history of English Dramatic Literature.

26. *Palm Sunday.* The Sunday preceding Easter, celebrating Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Compare Matthew xxi: 1-11.

32. The Jews and Moors were treated with especial cruelty during the days of the Spanish Inquisition. Compare line 118.

125. *Mystic horn.* Torquemada is said to have kept the horn of a unicorn always with him, thinking it had some mysterious power of protecting him from harm. His fears were also responsible for the guard of the fifty horsemen, (line 114).

130. Compare Genesis xxii: 1-19.

175-180. The scaffold here described is probably the one still standing in Seville.

INTERLUDE

21. Compare line 8 of the first Interlude.

22. *Night of Straparole.* Straparola was an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century. A collection of his stories is popularly referred to as "Straparola's Nights."

23. *Machiavelli's Belphegor.* Machiavelli, an Italian statesman and writer (1469-1527), in his *Marriage of Belphegor*, tells of an archfiend, formerly an archangel, who came to earth to spy out the unhappiness of married life.

THE POET'S TALE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

This is one of the few tales in this series entirely original with the poet. It has however, been traced to a slight suggestion taken from a personal recollection of Mr. Henry Hull, a resident of Killingworth, Middlesex County, Connecticut. Some years ago, "the men of the northern part of the town did early in the spring choose two leaders, and then the two sides were formed; the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each side would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for the birds began to grow scarce."

For beauty of theme and wholesomeness of sentiment, the poem is one of the best in the present series.

4. *Saxon Cædmon.* An English poet, living in the middle of the seventh century. His Hymn is the first poem known to have been written in Old English on English soil. The expression *Blithe-heart King* occurs in his *Genesis*, a metrical paraphrase of a part of the Bible.

12. Compare Matthew x: 29 and 31.

15. Compare Luke xii: 24.

16. Compare Matthew vi: 11.

21-24. Lines reminiscent of the poet's youthful days at Portland Compare these lines from his poem, *My Lost Youth:*

> "I remember the black wharves and the ships,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea."

25. *Killingworth.* A town in Middlesex County, Connecticut. The name is a corruption of the English *Kenilworth.*

26. *Fabulous days.* The tale, though possessed of a local setting, is a happy combination of fable and real story.

30. *Cassandra.* The daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was a prophetess and foretold the destruction of Troy.

39. A reference to the old Egyptian custom of displaying the image of a mummy at a feast.

43. *Squire.* A title of honor applied to a lawyer or justice of the peace. In England the word applies to a landed country gentleman.

52. *Edwards.* Jonathan Edwards, (1703-1758), a distinguished American divine and writer, the author of *The Freedom of the Will.*

54. The Adirondack region is in northeastern New York.

89. Plato, a Greek philosopher of the fourth century B. C., in his work, *The Republic*, described an ideal commonwealth.

93. *Troubadours.* Wandering singers of the middle ages.

96. Compare I Samuel xvi: 14-23.

184. *St. Bartholomew.* The massacre of the French Protestants, authorized by King Charles IX and urged by the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, occurred on St. Bartholomew's night, August 24, 1572.

193-194. Two different Herods are referred to: the former, Herod Agrippa, whose death is told in Acts xii: 21-23; the latter, Herod the Great, whose slaying of the children of Judæa is told in Matthew ii.

211-212. The figures in these two lines are beautiful when fully worked out and understood. Autumn came without the accustomed autumn leaves, red like the tongues of flame, (See Acts ii: 1-4), and without the usual fruitage, reckoned by a census, which the poet compares with William the Conqueror's Domesday Book.

239. Compare Revelation xxi: 1.

FINALE

19. *The constellation of the Bear.* Ursa Major, commonly called the "Dipper." An illustration of the poet's accuracy of observation; in the autumn, the Bear sets about midnight.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

(Adapted, and enlarged, from the *Manual for the Study of English Classics,* by George L. Marsh)

HELPS TO STUDY

Longfellow's Career

When and where was Longfellow born? What is noteworthy about his ancestry (p. 13)?

Where did he attend college? Who was his most important classmate (p. 13)?

What is there significant about the letter by Longfellow on pages 14, 15?

What occupation did Longfellow adopt, and how did he prepare for it (pp. 15-17)? What important services did he render as a direct result of his occupation?

When did Longfellow first publish a volume of poems? What prose works had preceded them (p. 17)? What were some of his principal poetical works? What particularly important translation did he make (p. 22)?

Where did he live during most of his life, and when did he die?

Perry Pictures 15-21 have to do with Longfellow personally; and 1331-40, 1344, 1345, and 3298 may be used in illustration of *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

Longfellow As a Poet

What poetical qualities, and what poetical deficiencies, had Longfellow (pp. 23-30)? Have these, even the latter, an effect on his popularity?

What is the point of the Prelude to *Voices of the Night* (p. 24) in relation to Longfellow's chief poetic works?

Test each of the narrative poems of Longfellow by the "demands made by the reader," which are summed up on page 27.

What were some of the main sources of material used by Longfellow (p. 28)? What charges against him resulted, in part, at least, from his use of these sources?

See occasional questions in the Notes (pp. 387, 388, etc.).

Early Narratives

Note the swiftness and directness of "The Skeleton in Armor." How does the meter help in this matter? Are the beginning and ending effective?

What is the metrical form of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" (p. 39)? Are there characteristics of style particularly in harmony with this form? (Note, for example, the syntax of the fourth stanza.)

Evangeline

What interesting relations were there between Longfellow and Hawthorne in connection with *Evangeline* (pp. 48, 49)? Is there an element of sound criticism of both himself and Hawthorne in the last sentence quoted from Longfellow's letter?

How much historical truth is there at the basis of *Evangeline* (pp. 50, 51)?

What is the meter of *Evangeline?* Is it suited to the poem (p. 54)? This has usually been regarded a rather difficult meter in English, and has not often been attempted. Can you find lines that indicate the difficulty—lines, e. g., that are little more than prose in movement, or that do not naturally fall into the hexameter?

What effect is heightened by the poet's emphasis upon the beauties and pleasures of the village of Grand-Pré? Why is

there so much detail also about the manner of life of the villagers?

What famous short poem by Longfellow is one reminded of by details on page 60?

Are the different numbered sections of *Evangeline* organic? What marks the division between I and II, for instance? Is there a definite division between II and III?

What bearing has the story which the notary tells (p. 67) on the discussion that has preceded?

What striking effect of contrast is there in IV? How have we been prepared for the announcement of the King's orders (e. g., p. 64)?

In what ways is the pathos of the destruction of Grand-Pré heightened? Is the ending of Part the First (p. 79) effective?

Pick out a number of the somewhat elaborate similes that are to be found (e. g., pp. 83 ff.), and discuss their interest and effectiveness.

What sort of details as to nature does Longfellow present most frequently in *Evangeline?* Does the general character of the poem influence his choice? Do the details seem real? Would you suppose the poet had not seen the territory he describes?

What is the effect of having Gabriel pass so near (p. 85) and of Evangeline's dream?

What is the purpose of the introduction of the Indian woman and her tales (pp. 95, 96)?

Study the geography of *Evangeline* sufficiently to have a good idea of the extent of the wandering, and to judge whether the descriptions and the manner of life presented are appropriate.

Is such fruitless wandering as that of Evangeline made to appear natural? Was Gabriel looking for her? Is enough told of their final meeting? Would a happy ending be reasonable?

Perry Pictures 23 and 1095 are of Evangeline.

The Song of Hiawatha

How did Longfellow become interested in the American Indians (pp. 105, 106)? In what poems is this interest shown?

What was Longfellow's chief source of information for *Hiawatha* (p. 107)? His chief source for the form of the poem (pp. 109 ff.)? What charges were made because of the form adopted (p. 111), and what was Longfellow's answer to the charges?

To what extent is *Hiawatha* epic (p. 112)?

How realistic are its scenes and characters? Do any of his characters really resemble Indians?

Note how Longfellow practiced selection for the purposes he had in mind.

What is the metrical form of *Hiawatha* (p. 110)? What sort of movement does this form result in? Does it ever become monotonous? Is it an easy or a difficult meter? Note some of the best examples of repetition, alliteration. Are the repetitions ever handled in such a way as to seem merely wordy? Note that such repetitions occur regularly in primitive epic poetry like *Beowulf* (see a specimen in Newcomer and Andrews, *Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose.*) Are the frequent proper names musical?

Pick out all the distinct bits of narration in *Hiawatha*—the little stories within the main story—and study each by itself; note its qualities as a detached legend, its relation to the general story, its interest, any individual characteristics it may have.

Work out the geography of *Hiawatha* from hints on pages 139, 144, etc.

Examine in detail the allegory of Mondamin (pp. 146 ff.). Does the literal story correspond perfectly with the veiled meaning? What elements of attractiveness has it?

Note what Hiawatha and his friends may be said to sym-

bolize (p. 404). May other personages in the poem be added to this list?

What is the meaning of Iagoo's story of Osseo (pp. 186 ff.)? Has it any direct appropriateness to the occasion?

Note the numerous parallelisms between portions of *Hiawatha* and stories from the mythology or folk lore of various nations, as pointed out here and there in the notes. See if you can make additions.

In what ways is the section called "The Famine" (XX) made impressive and pathetic?

The Courtship of Miles Standish

Note discrepancies between actual history and the representation of it in *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (pp. 252-3). Are these really objectionable? Give reasons for the answer. In what important respects is the poem true to history?

What is the metrical form of *Miles Standish?* Where else had Longfellow used it? Is it common in English?

See the editor's questions and suggestions in the Notes (pp. 422-34).

Why does the poet have Standish repeat the thought found in lines 36 and 115? Note other repetitions, for other purposes—e. g., pages 259 and 260.

Note bits of characteristic Puritan speech in the language of John Alden (e. g., pp. 263-4). Are there similar things in Standish's speeches? Can you give any reason for the fact you find?

What parts of the work are most poetical—that is, what sort of material seems to inspire Longfellow most?

Pick out the dramatic elements in the story. Could it be arranged in a series of scenes? What striking dramatic situations are there?

Does the end of part III come as a complete surprise? Is it made to seem natural and reasonable?

What striking truth as to a common fate of women in our social system does Priscilla utter more than once (as on pp. 278-9)?

Is Alden's resolve, first to sail on the Mayflower, then not to sail, sufficiently accounted for?

Why is there so much about Standish's encounter with the Indians (part VII)?

Is it made to seem natural, even right, that Alden and Priscilla should defer their marriage till they hear of the death of Standish, and then at once arrange for it?

Does the reappearance of Standish call to mind anything in one of the other books commonly read for college entrance (*Ivanhoe*)? Is it accounted for in any way?

Discuss the title of this poem.

Tales of a Wayside Inn

Perry Picture 22 is of the Wayside Inn; and numbers 114, 114B, 1354, 1357, 1361-72, may be used in illustration of "Paul Revere's Ride" and the historical events with which it deals.

When were the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* published (p. 293)? What famous works do they resemble in plan? Where was the inn? Who were the characters presented (p. 295)? Are the tales kept appropriate to the different narrators? Test this matter with each one.

Note the very frequent mention, in the Prelude to *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, of famous writers or literary works. Make sure that these are understood—not, perhaps, in minute details, but the main point of each. What does all this indicate as to Longfellow's range of interest and his learning?

"Paul Revere's Ride" may be compared in narrative spirit and speed of movement with Browning's "How They Brought the Good News," etc. (See Lake Classics edition of *Selections from Browning*.)

Sum up in a sentence or two the point of "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi."

Discuss the editor's estimate of "King Robert of Sicily" (p. 441).

What is the source of "The Saga of King Olaf" p. 443)? How is its main theme indicated in "The Challenge of Thor"? Examine the metrical form of the different parts of "The Saga of King Olaf." Can you determine which seems best in harmony with the subject matter and the spirit of Norse poetry? Trace the story of the King—the relations of the different parts to the whole. How is the King made to appear victorious in the end, in spite of his death (p. 446)?

How is "The Birds of Killingworth" notably different from the other poems with which it is grouped (p. 449)?

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Sketch of Longfellow's life (pp. 13-23).

2. Imaginary conversation between Longfellow and Hawthorne; during their college days (pp. 13-15) on what they hoped to accomplish in life; or a later conversation on the story of *Evangeline* (pp. 48, 49).

3. Character sketch of Longfellow (pp. 21, 25, 30, and various hints in the poems read).

4. First person paraphrase of the Viking's story (pp. 40-44).

5. An account, in the best newspaper manner, of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" (pp. 44-47); or of "Paul Revere's Ride" (pp. 306-9).

6. The historical basis of *Evangeline* (pp. 49-53); or of *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (pp. 251-54 and notes).

7. Character sketch of Evangeline.

8. Narrative themes on such subjects as the following:

The destruction of Grand-Pré (pp. 64-78).
Gabriel's story after the exile.
Evangeline's search for Gabriel.

9. Descriptive themes on such subjects as the following:

The village of Grand-Pré (pp. 57, 58).
Evangeline's home (pp. 59, etc.).
Basil's home in Louisiana (pp. 87, 88).
The mission in the desert (p. 97).

10. A happy ending for *Evangeline.*

11. Literary influences on *Hiawatha* (pp. 106-12).

12. Narratives of various portions of *Hiawatha* (or paraphrases):

Mudjekeewis and the Great Bear (pp. 125, 126).
Kabibonokka and Shingebis (pp. 128-139).
Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis (pp. 138-43).
Hiawatha and Minnehaha (pp. 144, 174-79).
The story of Mondamin (pp. 146-51).
Hiawatha and the sturgeon (pp. 160-65).
Hiawatha and Megissogwon (pp. 166-72).
Pau-Puk-Keewis (pp. 180-82, 210-24).
The death of Kwasind (pp. 225-28).
The coming of the white man (pp. 243 ff.).

13. Character sketches of Miles Standish, John Alden, Priscilla.

14. Dramatizations of important scenes in *The Courtship of Miles Standish;* for example, the following:

Standish's request (pp. 256-62).
John Alden at Priscilla's house (pp. 264-67).
His report to Standish (pp. 269-71).
The scene on the beach (pp. 274 ff.).

And so on through the poem.

15. Paraphrases or condensed summaries of the shorter narratives among *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (pp. 311-18, 321-27, 373-78).

16. Construct, from the somewhat scattered hints in "The Saga of King Olaf" and from whatever sources are available, a connected story of the career of the King.

17. Present the farmers' case against "the birds of Killingworth," or a case against the birds of your own town.

SELECTIONS FOR CLASS READING

1. "The Skeleton in Armor" (pp. 40-44).
2. Introduction to *Evangeline* (p. 56).
3. Grand-Pré and Evangeline (pp. 57-59).
4. Indian summer at Grand-Pré (pp. 61-63).
5. In Louisiana (pp. 84-87).
6. A moonlight night (pp. 91, 92).
7. The final meeting (pp. 102-104).
8. Introduction to *Hiawatha* (pp. 118-20).
9. Hiawatha's childhood (pp. 134-36).
10. How Hiawatha makes a canoe (pp. 156-59).
11. Chibiabos's song at the wedding feast (pp. 183, 184).
12. Disasters (p. 228).
13. The death of Minnehaha (pp. 234-38).
14. Hiawatha's departure (pp. 248, 249).
15. John Alden on his errand (pp. 264-67).
16. Miles Standish at the council (pp. 271, 272).
17. The departure of the Mayflower (pp. 275-77).
18. The wedding (pp. 289, 290).
19. The musician (pp. 304, 305).
20. "Paul Revere's Ride" (pp. 306-9).
21. The restoration of Robert of Sicily (pp. 324-27).
22. "The Challenge of Thor" (pp. 328, 329).
23. "The Nun of Nidaros" (pp. 369-71).
24. The destruction of the "birds of Killingworth" (pp. 384-86).

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